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The Case of Derek Bentley

THE Royal Commission on Capital Punishment has now been considering for four years: "Whether the liability to suffer the death penalty for murder should be limited or modified." (Not, unhappily, whether it should be abolished). From time to time the Home Secretary tells a questioner in the Commons that its Report will be ready "in the course of a few months." Perhaps, therefore, it is still not too late for the members of the Commission to take into account the case of Derek Bentley. This execution, more than any other in recent years, illustrates the indefensible character of a law which fixes one rigid punishment for many different crimes.

The Royal Prerogative is the device by which we quiet the national conscience about this absurdity. It is a clumsy, anachronistic method that is a monument to the law's inadequacy. The necessity for it has always fluctuated with the mood of the times. It is most undesirable that its exercise should be no more than the personal decision of a Secretary of State—a monstrous responsibility for one man to bear. Although we think his decision was wrong, we fully realise the difficulty that confronted Sir David Maxwell Fyfe; it is well known that he is not only a sound lawyer, but also a humane and thoughtful man, and in this case there were considerations both of law and of humanity pulling against each other. He had to think of the suffering inflicted on the family and friends of the murdered policeman, of the possible effect on other young thugs, and of the need to maintain the morale of the police in dangerous duties. But the case brings his position as final court of appeal, superior even to the House of Lords, into startling prominence, not only because Bentley's crime was a "technical" murder, to which the senseless rigidity of the present law is wholly inappropriate, but because of the jury's recommendation to mercy, which Sir David has disregarded.

In most countries where murder is considered to admit of differing shades of responsibility, Derek Bentley, who was actually a prisoner when his accomplice killed the policeman, and who was not himself armed although he must have had easy access to the other boy's stock of firearms, would not be a first-degree murderer. Here lies the solution to those cases in which the law and public feeling are frequently at variance. If there had been a few more days for the spontaneous revulsion of the public to gather momentum, we doubt whether the death penalty would have been upheld. As it is, the Bentley case must serve as a powerful postscript to the recommendations of the Royal Commission, whatever they may be, as to the way in which the death penalty should be "limited or modified."

The jury's recommendation to mercy may have been not merely a gesture of recognition that Bentley was a minor and that another hand fired the shot. It may also represent, as is often the case with difficult verdicts, the last-minute conversion of one or more hesitant jurors: "Very well, with great hesitation I will agree to a verdict of guilty, if you will add a recommendation to mercy; otherwise I say not guilty." If such recommendations are totally futile, the fact should be made widely known at once, so that no juror would ever again be induced by such means to conform reluctantly to a majority view in the jury-room. Great Britain is among the few remaining countries in the civilised world which retains capital punishment for murder. Until this gruesome anachronism is abolished, no juror should be allowed any loophole of doubt about his responsibility.

The retention of the death penalty, and the illogical appurtenance we call the Royal Prerogative of mercy (its exercise cannot be reconciled with Parliamentary control) will continue to provoke these horrifying dilemmas until public opinion at last forces the inevitable change. Public opinion in the Bentley case was mobilised too late, though the threadbare texture of the official attitude of inflexible purpose becomes apparent if one imagines that Bentley, instead of being a bad boy of nineteen, had been a pretty girl of the same age.

The case may prove to have been a kind of historical climax to a typical period of increased violence, with its natural but emotional accompaniment of public excitement and vengeful feelings. If so, and if the Royal Commission is recommending that judges be given a discretion about the

penalty appropriate to different kinds of murder, then a few more months' delay in the publication of its Report may greatly increase its chances of adoption. No one who discusses the subject of capital punishment in the future will forget Mr. Silverman's effort to break precedent to save life, or Mr. Paget's protest against hanging "a three-quarter witted boy of nineteen for a murder he did not commit, and which was committed fifteen minutes after he was arrested."

Purge in the East

So confused and snowball-like have the purges in Eastern Germany become that the Socialist Unity Party has had to set up a special co-ordination committee to control their wide ramifications. The new body, called the Central Commission of Investigation, is under Erich Mielke, Secretary of State in the Ministry for State Security. He has appointed various sub-committees to deal, in a more orderly fashion than hitherto, with four distinct groups of traitors and saboteurs to be discovered in (1) the administration, (2) industry, commerce and agriculture, (3) the political parties, and (4) the mass organisations.

Among the many people arrested in recent weeks only very few are widely known. Prominent among them is the former Foreign Minister Georg Dertinger, who only a fortnight earlier had been solemnly decorated in the name of the Council of State and the Government of the People's Republic of Poland "in recognition of his outstanding services in strengthening friendship between the two countries." In the course of his life Dertinger has served many masters. In the Weimar Republic he belonged to the *Stahlhelm*. Under the Hitler regime he became a Nazi, acting as the Berlin Correspondent of the *Neue Wiener Tagblatt*. After the war he became one of the co-founders of the Christian-Democratic Union in Eastern Germany. When the Communists took over he managed to oust his fellow party leader Jacob Kaiser and became the new East German Foreign Secretary.

Of well-known Communists so far only the fate of Paul Merker and Kurt Mueller seems to be sealed. Both have been singled out for a detailed denunciation, published by the Communist Central Committee, which describes Merker as an American agent who, apart from all the usual crimes, had close contacts with André Simone—one of the victims of the Slansky trial—and Mueller as an inveterate Trotskyite who worked first for the British and then for the American intelligence service. However, this is merely a beginning. The new Central Commission of Investigation and its four sub-committees have only just begun to work.

Murder and Repression in Kenya

The shocking Ruck murders have let loose the extreme element among the Kenya settlers. They have even returned to their ancient tactic of demonstrating in force outside the Governor's house. They have revived the demand that the few thousand European settlers should rule, unchecked by the Colonial Office or British public opinion, over five and a half million Africans. All constructive thinking seems to have petered out. No hopes of better economic or political conditions are held out to the Africans; all Kikuyu are apparently regarded as criminals. In some troubled areas the cattle, crops, and vehicles, which are their only possessions, have now been finally confiscated. There is a proposal to associate Africans and Indians on an emergency committee to enforce law and order; until we know what Africans and Indians are appointed, and under what terms, we cannot say whether this is a genuinely progressive step. The concessions made to settler opinion by Sir Evelyn Baring are of dubious value. To associate elected members with Civil Servants in the direction of strategy sounds like a sop to settler opinion rather than a genuine administrative measure. The Attorney-General, who is an intelligent man, is not popular with settler opinion; his powers as Minister of Law and Order go to the Chief Secretary who is considered amenable. The appointment of General Hinde may be valuable if it reduces the danger of lawless action by the settlers. But the problem presented to him is not military. Very few Kikuyu are armed with anything except long knives, nor is there any hinterland to which they can escape. The Kenya horror is the clearest possible case of a rising of Africans denied economic and political rights, and now awakened to political consciousness.

The Miners' Wages

Last week-end the Mineworkers' Union reached a complete deadlock in its negotiations with the National Coal Board, and its Executive decided to recommend its delegate conference to appeal to the Government over the Board's head. The mineworkers want an increase of 6s. a week on the present wage of all day-workers except the highest paid: the Board offers either a general increase of 4s. for day-workers, or an increase of 6s. limited to the 150,000 (out of 400,000) who are at present getting only the minimum rate. The present claim of the Union is very much smaller than what it asked for last year, when its entire claim was rejected by the National Tribunal. The Executive then wanted an advance of 30s. a week for all mineworkers, including pieceworkers; but the wider claim has now become merged in the attempt to devise a new wage-structure for the whole industry. What the miners are claiming is that the day-wage men cannot afford to wait until this complex negotiation has been finished; and that this minimum claim ought to be met at once. For the time being the deadlock means that the Board's proposal for a renewal of the agreement to work Saturday shifts is held up—not, the Mineworkers' Executive says, as a threat, but because if it were put to the men now it would certainly be rejected. The present agreement runs till the end of April; so there should be time to get the day-wage men's claim dealt with before it runs out. The miners had their last increase at the end of 1951. It was then hoped that higher output and fewer strikes would result; but the record of 1952 has been disappointing in both respects, and the Coal Board is in financial difficulties as well as short of supplies. Last April, according to the most recent official returns, when average earnings of men over 21 in manufacturing industries were 179s. 4d. a week, the corresponding average for miners was 222s. 5d., *plus* 10s. 6d. for allowances in kind; but, of course, this average includes pieceworkers as well as the day-wage men concerned in the present claim.

Sunday Theatres

It is clear that, without adequate safeguards, any extension of our meagre facilities for Sunday enjoyment could involve loss of liberty and leisure in the entertainments industry, to say nothing of catering and public transport. This, naturally enough, is the spearhead of the attack on Mr. John Parker's Sunday Observance Bill; indeed, to most reasonable people, to whom Sunday cricket is equally innocuous on both sides of the parish boundary, it will seem the only point of real controversy. But the desire for an emancipated Sunday is widespread, inarticulate as it may be in comparison with the Lord's Day Observance Society's petition with its half a million signatures; and so is the resentment felt towards the existing policy of dictated sabbatarianism. It would be deplorable if this volume of feeling were to be thwarted because of a labour problem that has been successfully solved in other countries—there is a world of difference between saying that people should not be required to work on Sunday and decreeing that they shall not be allowed to. A reasonable compromise would allow the actors (and all others involved) three free Sundays out of four, by permitting an appropriate number of theatres to open on Sundays and a similar number to close on different days of the week. As all members of the numerous "theatre clubs" are well aware, Sunday is the one day when theatre-going can be the unhurried, discriminating, and therefore fully enjoyable, pursuit that it ought to be. The one compromise that would have nothing whatever to commend it is that the sinfulness of Sunday theatre-going should be mitigated by diverting some of its proceeds to charity, whatever the nature of the cause thus benefited.

Energy for Peace

When a suitable site is found, Britain is to have a "Breeder Reactor," an atomic power plant which will not only produce electricity but will also produce more fuel than it consumes. Sir John Cockroft, Director of Harwell, has estimated that reactors of this type could supply all the increase in electric power which Britain is likely to need in over ten years from ten tons of uranium a year. But the "trick" of a breeder pile is that it will "breed" more than ten tons of secondary fuel which can be used for other piles. The announcement by the Ministry of Supply of the decision to go ahead with this programme is encouraging because it means that the Monte Bello bomb and its successors are not going to divert us entirely from the industrial and peaceful uses of atomic energy, and that we are going to supplement our coal resources with the help of the nucleus. It also means that we are now catching up with the Americans, who have set up such a reactor, producing a few hundred kilowatts of power in Idaho. Britain has not been able to do so because of the war-time agreement whereby all the plants for producing suitable nuclear fuel were set up only within the United States; subsequently the McMahon Act prohibited the passing on of information on the industrial application of atomic energy and the transmis-

sion of nuclear fuels. So Britain had to undertake a complete programme and wait for the factories which we created to produce the nuclear fuel supplies. Cockcroft's prediction is that, even conservatively, the cost of atomic fuel will not be greater than the cost of the coal which would otherwise be required.

Odd Man Out

The Liberal Assembly, which meets in April, is to be asked to endorse proposals for the single transferable vote, as used in Eire; and early this coming week a Liberal deputation will be visiting the Prime Minister to urge on him the importance of electoral reform. The Liberal report, drawn up by two of the party's candidates, Mr. Thorpe and Mr. Batham, curtly rejects the second ballot system; it is accompanied by a resolution from the Assembly denouncing the growing hold of the executive over the legislature, the tightening of the bonds of party discipline, and the compulsion on the representative to break promises he has made to his own electors. The single transferable vote is lauded as the only means of getting a true representation of the electors' wishes, and of ensuring that innovations are not made against the will of the majority. The trouble about all this is that the wishes of a majority, where they exist, are much more often negative than positive, and that an exact representation of the electors' wishes is apt to produce a stalemate—which may suit well enough those who are content to leave society broadly as it is, but will clearly not meet the needs of any party that is set on making fundamental or far-reaching changes in social structure. It is natural for the Liberal Party, as odd man out, to dislike the present electoral system: if the Conservatives give them any support, that will presumably mean that they are prepared to help the Liberals to survive as a group in order to make it harder for the Labour Party to get a majority. It will be interesting to see what Mr. Churchill has to say when he meets the Liberal deputation next week.

BONN

Where We Came In

A Correspondent writes: Indignation about the British arrests of the seven former Nazis continues to mount in Right-wing German circles. The most well-meaning describe the British discovery as a mare's nest, others have denounced it as an "intolerable provocation," an "attack on German sovereignty" or a machiavellian scheme to undermine Germany's international prestige in the interest of commercial competition. In part at least this indignation is highly artificial. Most Germans know as well as anyone that there is plenty of evidence of neo-Nazi activities, even without the material that may emerge from the investigation of the Naumann group. General Remer's Socialist Reich Party has been dissolved, but its former members are still about and unlikely to have changed their minds. The recent disclosures about the so-called "Technical Service" of the League of German Youth gave startling evidence of a well-organised murderous gang of would-be "partisans" preparing to repeat the notorious exploits of the *Fehme* murderers. In addition, there is the mushroom growth of "circles," "leagues" and "brotherhoods" which specialise in reviving Nazi ideology under the thin veneer of a romantic camaraderie.

More sinister perhaps are the many instances of "Nazi infiltration" into the so-called respectable parties, especially the Free Democrats and the German Party. Dr. Middelhauve, the recently elected Vice-Chairman of the Free Democratic Party and its undisputed leader in the Ruhr area, has for a long time surrounded himself with prominent former Nazis. He never denied the allegation that his new "German Programme" was drafted with the help of Hans Fritzsche, the war-time radio commentator, and the former S.S. *Gruppenführer* Werner Best (author of the notorious Boxheim documents). The editor of Dr. Middelhauve's party journal *Deutsche Zukunft* is a former leader of the Hitler Youth. His personal secretary in the Dusseldorf headquarters of the Free Democratic Party is Wolfgang Diewerge, formerly editor of the material issued by the Nazi Party's political education centre and, incidentally, once a close collaborator of the now arrested Dr. Werner Naumann. Herr Diewerge and other leading members of the Dusseldorf Free Democrats have, as the official journal of the German trade unions asserts, frequently participated in the meetings of the Naumann circle. Another prominent Free Democrat, Dr. Achenbach, head of the party's foreign affairs committee and self-appointed leader of the free-the-war-criminals campaign, has offered himself as Naumann's defence counsel.

This list could be further extended, and similar examples of "Nazi infiltration" could be shown to exist in the German Party and, to a lesser extent the Refugee Party, now known as the All-German Block. But when all the relevant evidence has been conscientiously assembled there still remains the question of how much significance it all has. People outside Germany are understandably anxious to avoid being caught napping a second time in the face of a Nazi danger. But for this very reason (and perhaps also because newspaper correspondents show a marked preference for the man-bites-dog type of story) there is now a tendency to exaggerate this danger considerably. Of course, there are Nazi sympathisers and Nazi plotters in Germany, but, despite the latest American public opinion poll, there is very little evidence that they enjoy an appreciable measure of support among the German people. The lunatic fringe of German politics may be more sinister—and more lunatic—than comparable groups elsewhere, but it would be very difficult seriously to contest the view expressed both by Dr. Adenauer and the Social Democrats that there is no danger of a Nazi party on the Hitler model winning enough support in the foreseeable future to seize power in Germany.

The real danger lies elsewhere. It lies in the growing ascendancy of reactionary forces which have more in common with the traditions of the Wilhelminian era than with the Third Reich. The real menace is the old German Right which used to fill the ranks of the German Nationalist and the German People's Party and which is now financing and calling the tune of the new Right-wing parties. It is the Krupps and Schachts and Flicks and Stinnes—or their families and nominees who need to be watched even more than the neo-Nazis. Some are no more principled and reliable in their political dealings than Hitler was, but their methods are characteristically different. They are professional intriguers rather than rabble rousers, autocrats rather than totalitarian demagogues. And if today some among them co-operate with certain former Nazis and supply them with funds they do so with a wealth of experience behind them. This time, such men mean to make sure, it is they who are going to make use of the Nazis for their own ends, just as they themselves had once been used by Hitler. Their chance of succeeding in this seems all the greater as, despite all neo-Nazi activities, no totalitarian movement can come to power without popular support, and no new *Fuhrer* has yet appeared on the German horizon.

WASHINGTON

Windfall for Democrats

A Correspondent writes: The Wilson affair has been a fine windfall for the Democrats in Congress. Under Senator Johnson's leadership, the Democratic Senators had decided to use the confirmation hearings as occasion to read into the record the big business interests of Mr. Eisenhower's nominees—not for any immediate use, but as preparation for a later campaign against government by corporation millionaires. When Mr. Wilson's nomination ran into difficulties that, curiously enough, the Administration does not seem to have foreseen, the Democrats did not need to make the running; they were able to leave the awkward questions to their Republican colleagues. When the same problem arose with the Under-Secretary of Defence, and the Secretaries of the Army and Air Force, the Democrats found themselves presented with their first good issue, and one on which both the liberals of the North and the party traditionalists from the South can unite.

Apart from the help that this revelation of "big business" attitudes may give to a long-term Democratic strategy to paint a large and fresh dollar-sign on the "millionaire's party," it has caused a good deal of friction in the Republican ranks, most of all between the White House and the G.O.P. leaders on Capitol Hill, who feel that closer consultation might have prevented this embarrassing exposure. Arthur Krock, of the *New York Times*, a conservative commentator, went so far last Sunday as to write:

> The Administration has been seriously injured, but not critically, and it can recover. Wilson, however, has made a very bad start with Congress, if not with the public, that may make his Government service brief.

This, no doubt, would be a misfortune for the great industrialist, who so resented being asked to comply with the law that he told the inquiring Senators that "the penalty is too great, gentlemen, and I do not know why you should ask me to do it. . . . I really feel you are giving me a pushing around. . . . I am making a great sacrifice to come down here."

No doubt the Democrats, or at least the liberal wing, will take the same line when the question of tidelands oil comes before Congress again. Twice Congress passed a Bill turning over undersea oil deposits to the States; twice Mr. Truman vetoed it. Mr. Eisenhower's promise to support the Bill and Mr. Stevenson's refusal to permit this raid on Federal resources helped swing Texas—and, perhaps, two other States—into the Republican column. But, before leaving the White House, Mr. Truman played his last card. He designated the tideland deposits as a Naval Oil Reserve, justifying this on grounds of national security. Congress and President Eisenhower can undo this act, and keep the Republican election pledge. They will have to explain, however, why they think States Rights are more important than the Navy's need for adequate domestic oil reserves. This may be less easy than it looks, because the memory of the looting of the Teapot Dome Naval Oil Reserve during the Harding Administration is still fresh. Fitzpatrick, of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, hit this off with a cartoon called "Grand Old Prospector," which showed the thirsty Republican elephant wandering through a desert from the last oasis at Teapot Dome to the new spring at Tidelands Oil.

The Big Four and the Big Stick

MR. (soon to be Sir) Lincoln Evans, Sir William Lawther, Mr. Arthur Deakin and Mr. Tom Williamson are the Big Four of British trade unionism. As such, they are without doubt the four most powerful men in the British Labour Party. Mr. Lincoln Evans controls the vote of the steel workers, Sir William of the miners, while Mr. Deakin and Mr. Williamson each heads a huge general union. Of the 25 members of Labour's National Executive, 18 are elected by the block vote, and these four men can handpick the 18 or at least ensure that no "unreliable" figures are included among them. Moreover, the contributions which maintain the Labour Party's central headquarters at Transport House flow largely from their union coffers. In very few political parties in any country is so much power concentrated in so few hands. If they cannot make the policy of the Labour Party, they certainly have the power to break any programme they dislike—though, of course, there is a risk that if they use their veto too outrageously they may break the Party as well.

To judge from their speeches and writings, the Big Four are still outraged by the Bevanite victory at Morecambe. Quite correctly, they concluded that the election of no less than six Bevanites to represent the constituency parties was a smack in the eye not only for Mr. Morrison but for themselves. In most of the big unions, the rank-and-file trade unionist has little chance of expressing his discontent with a remote self-perpetuating leadership. Frustrated inside his union, he took the chance to ventilate this frustration at Morecambe by refusing to vote for Mr. Morrison, Mr. Gaitskell, Mr. Robens and the other candidates who are known to have the approval of the Big Four.

Since then the Bevanite controversy in Parliament has been abruptly ended by the return of Aneurin Bevan to the Front Bench. All is sweetness and light at Westminster—for the time being. But outside Parliament, across in Smith Square, the feud has been renewed. The trade union leaders have made a formal issue of *Tribune's* criticism of Mr. Lincoln Evans for accepting a knighthood from Mr. Churchill. We can only deduce that the Big Four are still determined to find some way of reasserting their authority and that they think the easiest way is to reopen their quarrel with Mr. Bevan.

These events were preceded by a strong week-end speech by Mr. Evans. He is the ablest and the most articulate of the Big Four. As a trade union leader he has had a remarkable success in achieving co-operation between management and men in the steel industry and in persuading his union members to realise that increased productivity is for their own and the nation's interests. Politically, he stands somewhat to the Right of Mr. Herbert Morrison, and is the outstanding exponent of Labourism as distinct from Socialism. He regards the co-operation between employer and worker which he helped to build up within the steel industry before nationalisation as the pattern which the Labour Party should accept for the national economy as a whole. In the twentieth century, he remarked last Sunday, it is futile to fight a nineteenth-century class war; and he went on to belabour the Smart Alecs and political astigmatics who advocate militant Socialism.

Mr. Evans, in fact, repeated all the arguments in favour of consolidation which Mr. Morrison first advanced in 1949. A reasoned case is at least preferable to the splenetic outbursts of some of Mr. Evans's colleagues. As General Secretary of the Iron and Steel Confederation, he never had much liking for the nationalisation of the steel industry: he would have preferred to see it remain an example of private ownership combined with State control. This is a perfectly tenable position for a trade unionist to hold. As we can see from a glance at the United States, staunch trade unionism is compatible with staunch opposition to Socialism.

The difficulty about consolidation as a policy in 1953 is that it is in diametrical opposition both to the Labour Party's decisions at Morecambe, and to the clearly expressed wishes of the T.U.C. delegates at Margate. It is somewhat disingenuous for Mr. Evans to suggest that it is only a few Smart Alecs who desire the Labour Party to remain a Socialist party and who believe that its next programme should include proposals for further extensions of public ownership. This belief is not a Bevanite heresy, but the considered conclusion unanimously reached by trade unions and constituency parties alike at Morecambe; and the National Executive, including twelve trade union representatives, has been instructed to frame a programme based upon it. If the Big Four try to use the big stick they undoubtedly possess, in order to prevent this programme being worked out, they will not be defending the trade union movement against the machinations of an irresponsible minority of Socialist politicians. On the contrary, they will be violating the central principle of trade unionism, that majority decisions must be loyally accepted by the minority once they have been taken.

India's Chequered Progress

INDIANS, celebrating the third anniversary of the proclamation of their Republic, are each year more conscious that it holds the key to the world's future. Excluding South America, which does not yet play a main role on the international stage, India is the only large and potentially rich country which is not committed to one or other of the two great power blocs. That Pandit Nehru represents the majority of Indians in wishing to maintain this independent and uncommitted position will scarcely be disputed. His critics on this score are the Communists, representing a small, if influential, minority, which would favour joining the Soviet bloc, and some business interests which see in America profits for themselves and security from Communism.

The decisive importance of capturing India is well understood in Washington, Moscow and Peking. Indian bookstalls are flooded with American glossy magazines; they are more expensive and more conspicuous, but less numerous than the books and pamphlets of Chinese and Soviet propaganda distributed by devoted Communist party literature sellers. It may be doubted whether American "glossies," wireless and films, or the Washington propagandists who tour the country and give lectures between aeroplane halts serve any purpose except to give point to the speeches and arguments of local Communists who work ceaselessly to persuade their fellow countrymen of the dangers of an American-made war and the benefits of the Chinese Revolution. The United States does, however, make headway by loans and technical assistance. Under the thoughtful guidance of Mr. Chester Bowles, whose period as Ambassador unhappily ends with the Democratic Administration, funds have been made available under the Indo-U.S. Technical Co-operation Agreement for community projects and for various valuable irrigation and power schemes. Even here the reply from Communist and Socialist critics is that American generosity is a camouflage for imperialist influence, that U.N. aid is indirectly determined by American policy, and that Britain, which to-day trades freely and increasingly with India, still maintains a capitalist stranglehold. Finally, it is ceaselessly reiterated that under the Congress regime, dominated by big business, the administration is a sink of corruption and progress only a paper pretence.

This propaganda leads many people to believe that India is falling into the chaos prophesied when the British quitted India. They declare that India is drifting quickly and surely into Communism. The true picture is more complex. Corruption does exist on a considerable scale; some alleged scandals, shortly to be investigated, seem to implicate British businessmen even more than their Indian colleagues. It is also true that there is administrative inefficiency, that there are too many half-trained officials and lack of co-ordination between Delhi and the Provinces; and that some big projects started with enthusiasm in the first days have petered out. But the Sindri Factory is in full production (even if there are delays in distribution of the product), the Damodar Valley Scheme is functioning, and factories for machine tools, locomotives, cement, bicycles, sewing machines—to mention a few at random—are being extended or newly built; in conjunction with W.H.O. and U.N.I.C.E.F. a factory to manufacture penicillin is shortly to be started; and the largely inescapable problem of famine has been tackled by both Central and Provincial Governments as never before in India's history. In short, when all criticism is met, it remains true that there is a wide variety of educational, cultural and technical progress.

There would be little ground for pessimism if the trouble were merely that the high hopes of 1948 have not been fulfilled: some delays, scandals and frustrations are inherent in the situation. India, like other countries, will develop along her own lines, if, like other countries, she is given time to do so. But is there time? If the whole five-year plan goes through without a hitch, economists doubt whether the standard of living will be slightly higher or lower at its completion.

An advantage will have been gained, of course, in that future five-year plans will inherit better communications, better plant, better sources of power, and better-trained people. It remains true, however, that population increases by geometrical progression and that unless its growth is checked, no important increase in the standard of living is to be expected, however great the efforts of the planners. Pandit Nehru and the Vice-President, Dr. Radhakrishnan, have led the way in facing this basic difficulty with courage and realism; they rightly see that it is not the technique of family planning that matters so much as the realisation by Indian women of every class and caste that they can space their families, give their children the chance of an education and a standard of welfare which their own parents had never imagined, and themselves play an important role in the life of India. Here, it will be seen, is a long-distance hope but a short-distance problem of the most intractable nature.

The most serious ground for anxiety is that psychologically the effect of Indian independence has not been that buoyancy of spirit, that release of energy and that social incentive which must be evoked if the younger generation are not to cast envious eyes on the dynamism of the Chinese Revolution. On paper, the promise to end landlordism has been largely carried out; in practice, the traditional pattern of peasant life has not yet been changed very widely by a law which envisaged the dispossession of the zamindari but made promises of compensation about which lawyers and committees can endlessly argue. In Kashmir, which is an exception, Sheik Abdullah had a special incentive to bring about revolutionary changes on the land. In some respects, the picture of the great towns is even more disquieting. Indian education is still far too much centred on the passing of examinations on prescribed books, with the result that there is a grave deficiency of young men and women who can deal with practical, often technical problems. Frustrated, without social incentive, these young men and women are fertile soil for vague Left-wing ideas and, in the longer run, for Communism.

The pessimist need not have the last word. Admittedly social change is far too slow, too little is being done to appeal to that ideal of social service and practical self-help which were the essence of the Gandhian doctrine. For us the crucial question is how far the friends of India can help. Clearly the outside world may do more harm than good. Technical aid—which comes not only from America but also through the Colombo plan and from Norwegians and Swiss, and most important of all, technical education for Indians, can be really valuable. But India's salvation can only come from Indians. The foreigners who have understood this best are probably the Quaker groups who, on a small scale, give an example of how volunteers can help in village "projects," not with the idea of telling peasants what they ought to do, but with the far more practical policy of finding out what the peasants want, living in the villages and helping to supply these wants and leaving only when the villagers have for themselves discovered how to meet their own needs.

There are two thousand odd village projects at work today in India; many of them are still no more than paper schemes. There is much propaganda to end mass illiteracy; there are new schools, but a lamentable lack of teachers. If we are told that this slow progress and the frequent frustration of fine ideas is due to lack of money and shortage of personnel, the answer is surely not difficult to give. If India were to be plunged into revolution on the Chinese model, the peasants would be encouraged to take the land; young Indians would be sent to end mass illiteracy and, if money were needed, what would prevent a revolutionary Government tapping the vast hoards of princely wealth? Yet there are already in India the ways and means of carrying out these urgently needed tasks without a revolutionary upheaval. The immense fund of energy and self-sacrifice which was mobilised to induce the British to leave India can be again called upon to build the India that is free.

Nationalisation—What Next?

It seems clear that the Labour Party is about to commit itself to a further extensive programme of nationalisation. But what, apart from re-nationalising steel and road transport, does it propose to take over, and how? The principal candidates when, in 1949, it last issued a detailed statement—*Labour Believes in Britain*—were cement, sugar and water, with a possibility of chemicals, or some chemicals, and the proposal about insurance that was subsequently converted into a project of "mutualisation." There were also suggestions, not formulated in detail, about taking over monopolies and about starting public concerns in competition with private business. Shipbuilding was mentioned later; and during the past year a number of other candidates have been put forward, including the section of engineering most concerned with the production of armaments and of capital goods. Apart from these later suggestions and from the interesting proposal to start competitive public enterprises, the projects so far advanced have not been found very inspiring, even by the Labour Party's supporters; and nobody seems quite to know by what criteria to judge whether an industry should be put high up on the list or not. Is it the existence of monopoly, or the presence of restrictive practices? Is it national importance, for armaments, or for industrial re-equipment, or for the export drive? Or is it merely that some industries are much easier to nationalise than others—which would not appear to be a good test to apply?

Insurance fell out of the running mainly because the Co-operatives objected; and they also reacted violently to a casual suggestion by a Labour Party spokesman that the State might enter the field of retail trade. The Co-operators, indeed, have now established their claim to be consulted before any projects—or at least any which affect them—are finally adopted; and they appear to be engaged in an internal dispute of their own between the Co-operative Party, which is prepared for a good deal of further nationalisation, and the Co-operative Union, which is suspicious of having its realm invaded. The trade unions, too, are in a cautious mood—or at any rate the General Council appears to be so. It, however, has its own orders from last year's Congress to prepare plans for further nationalisation; and it cannot be assumed that the doubters on the Council will carry Congress with them. The doubts are, indeed, of two kinds. Some of the doubters want a period of "consolidation" before further major schemes are put in hand; others want more industries to be taken over, but are acutely dissatisfied with the working of the Board system in its present form, and want either more trade unionists on the Boards, or more decentralisation, or both.

The Labour Party Executive has, then, not at all an easy task. Its correct line of approach seems clearly to be that it should set out from the needs for reorganisation of the British economy in order to re-equip industry and agriculture so as to restore the balance of payments, and should then consider what forms of nationalisation are most likely to contribute to this end. From this point of view a very strong claimant would appear to be agricultural land, in order to make possible both the rearrangement of farm holdings and the investment of much capital in the land without making huge presents to landlords, or having to bribe farmers to increase production on under-capitalised holdings of the wrong shapes and sizes. Such a plan could be carried out by stages, taking some areas before others and proceeding in an experimental way. Something of the sort is clearly called for in view of the strong probability of continued high prices for food imports in terms of exports.

Secondly there is engineering, which will be called upon to play a great part in the re-capitalisation of industry generally, in keen competition with the demand for its services in making armaments and in exports. But the nationalisation of engineering would be evidently an enormous venture; and the sensible course would be to tackle that also by stages, and to adopt as the model something much nearer to what was done in the case of steel, than to the coal-mining or transport or electricity structures. Only certain firms need be taken over; and these could be left to retain their identity, and to be sorted out, where sorting is needed, at leisure. The main immediate objective would be a common investment and production plan, and to prevent the dissipation of the high profits in non-essential forms of development.

Another candidate with strong claims is building—again, not the whole industry, with its many thousands of very small jobbing firms, but a section large enough to provide substantial mobile units for the carrying out of big schemes of housing and industrial construction. Something must be done to solve the housing problem by reducing costs rather than quality; and a National Building Corporation using up-to-date large-scale methods should be able to make a real contribution, especially if it could negotiate a favourable treaty with the building trade unions—which have themselves come out in favour of nationalisation.

Other obvious candidates, besides cement and sugar, are shipbuilding, heavy chemicals and flour-milling (but here there would be trouble with the well-entrenched Co-operatives). I.C.I. could be taken over without much difficulty, except over patent arrangements with Du Pont and other foreign concerns (which may be a reason for letting it alone while we are still dependent on dollar aid). Unilever, another obvious candidate, also has many foreign ramifications, and so of course has the oil industry, which will have to be tackled before long. The present position of the Government in relation to Anglo-Iranian is illogical and indefensible.

The Anglo-Iranian case is indeed highly pertinent. The Government owns most of the

capital, appoints some of the directors, but has played—until the crisis—practically no part in the control. If, however, Government ownership is to be pushed into industries which are to be left mainly in private hands—as the Labour Party itself proposed in 1949—there are bound to arise cases in which the Government will become part-owner of what remain in fact private concerns, and the Government directors in such companies will have to play an active part. Indeed, as we get through the list of industries that can be taken over as wholes, or in large sections, this problem of mixed enterprises is bound to arise more and more. The most obvious way of socialising the ownership of industrial property, as distinct from nationalising particular industries, is to clap on heavy inheritance taxes, or capital levies, and take the payment in shares. This would mean that the State would become by stages the owner of large industrial undertakings in all industries; and clearly it would need to set up for each industry a special managing corporation to look after its holdings, to appoint directors, and to ensure that its directors followed a common policy in accordance with its national investment and production plans. This could be combined with the proposal, already put forward from several sources, that every "public" company under the Companies Acts should by law have to accept one or more government-appointed directors to hold a watching brief, and to ensure that the other directors fully understand what the official plans require of them.

There is another issue. The methods adopted so far in administering the nationalised industries have led to a great deal of discontent—above all, on the railways, but also in the coal industry and in other branches of transport. The plain truth is that very big, centralised organisations are bound to be bureaucratic, whether they are run by capitalists or by national corporations set up by the State. But, once an industry has been centralised, it is exceedingly difficult to break it down into more manageable units, or even to decentralise the control to an appreciable extent. In laying plans for further nationalisation, the Labour Party should do its best to start with as decentralised a structure as the conditions allow. This was done in the case of the gas industry, and to a considerable extent, in that of steel; and it is to be hoped it will be done wherever possible in drawing up further projects. One advantage of this is that, the more decentralised an industry is, the easier it is to meet the workers' demand for a real participation in its affairs at the level at which such participation is likely to do most good—to have the most beneficial effects on output, and to create the conditions favourable to contentment at work. The foundations for industrial self-government, or workers' control, need to be laid in the factories and other workplaces, by developing consultation into a real participation in control. Merely to put more trade union leaders on the managing boards at the higher levels will achieve nothing. Such high-level participation will work only when at the lower levels—those nearest to the actual workers—satisfying human relations have been established, and a feeling of responsibility created by their establishment.

Any further nationalisation will be a success only if the workers like it, and only if it is undertaken, not simply for the sake of smashing capitalism, but also with a positive view to its contributions towards getting Great Britain out of the economic difficulties under which it is labouring. It must be designed both to directing investment—under conditions of capital scarcity—to those points at which it can do most good from the national standpoint and to enlisting the workers in the enterprises concerned on the side of higher production as partners, and not merely as adjuncts to the improved machines. These are the right criteria for deciding both what to nationalise next and how to organise the existing nationalised services.

G. D. H. COLE

London Diary

ENOUGH has appeared in the newspapers to reveal that there was a first-class row at the Labour Party National Executive on Wednesday morning. Six floors below, the General Council of the T.U.C. was also meeting. It despatched a peremptory request to the Executive to censure *Tribune* for its attack on Lincoln Evans. Some members of the Executive must, I suppose, have protested that this was not the Executive's business. The slanging match between *Tribune* and Sir Will Lawther and his colleagues is old history. The *Tribune* was unwise, I think, to revive the quarrel, but, after all, it was Sir William Lawther who began it by describing Aneurin Bevan as having "one eye on Downing Street and one foot in Moscow"! This was a very strange accusation seeing that Aneurin Bevan and his colleagues have been consistently anti-Communist, while Sir William Lawther—to mention only one incident—moved the motion for Communist affiliation at the 1943 Party conference. What shocks me is that a majority of the Executive meekly accepted this directive from below stairs. *Tribune* was rebuked, and some members of the Executive are said even to have gone on to ask for a probe into *Tribune*'s Brains Trusts, which, one would have said, are sufficiently above board, open to the public and a proper way of building circulation.

* * *

I wish the decision of the Kenya settlers to set up an information bureau in London meant that we were likely to be more fully and impartially informed about East Africa. Everything points the other way. The violence of Mau Mau has put the most extreme group of settlers into the saddle. While their official spokesmen declare that they want more truthful information in London, they take steps to gag the spokesmen of the overwhelming majority of the Kenya population. A few months ago there were nearly 30 vernacular papers in Kenya; about half a dozen of them were summarily suppressed early in the Mau Mau troubles. Now I learn that most, if not all of them, have been put out of business. In some cases they tried to escape suppression by quoting without comment from the settlers' newspapers. Worst of all, the *Tribune*, an admirably edited paper, moderate in tone and intelligent in comment, has had its registration withdrawn. Its Indian editor, Mr. Shanda, is honest and conscientious, and the suppression of his paper is a great misfortune for Kenya, where there are still Europeans, Indians and Africans who want news and comment not found in the settlers' papers.

* * *

What is South African *apartheid*? Theoretical definitions abound. Here is a practical definition. "Cape Town and Durban transport workers," reports the Johannesburg *Star* of some days ago, have "joined the protest of the Johannesburg Municipal Transport Workers' Union to the Johannesburg City Council against any proposal to employ non-Europeans in this city as truck and tractor drivers in the non-European townships." Theoretically, as we know, *apartheid* supposes that there shall be White areas and non-White areas; and that each community shall have freedom to develop fully and unrestrictedly within its own area. The reality, as we see, is quite otherwise. Even though hundreds of thousands of non-Whites live in their own location and township areas on the outskirts of South Africa's big cities, they are not to be permitted to supply their own bus drivers. These have to be White. The employment of non-Whites in "White occupations"—i.e., truck and tractor driving—would apparently undermine South African civilisation. This is racialism run mad.

* * *

Most people, I suppose, have assumed that the main reason why some Senators objected to Charles Wilson's connection with General Motors was the fear that, as Secretary of Defence, he might help his old firm get government contracts. It is true that almost one dollar in twelve that the U.S. spends on defence already goes to General Motors or its subsidiaries. But, in these days of fairly strict control over contracts, favouritism may take the form of routing contracts to competitors rather than friends. General Motors, for instance, knows that civilian production is far more profitable than defence work, and it is finding that its concentration on rearmament is reducing its share of the civilian market. This has already fallen in the last year from 47 to 41 per cent. If Mr. Wilson, therefore, wanted to aid G.M., he might choose to load arms orders on its rivals and free some of its own capacity for making more cars. It is this kind of paradox that makes one a little cautious about crude interpretations of American capitalism

* * *

I had an instructive stroll the other day in the Calcutta Maidan—a large open space which fulfils all the functions of Hyde Park and serves as a public convenience as well. I fell into talk with an Indian who spoke good English and he walked with me from group to group. A crowd had gathered round one hairy speaker in pink robes who had recently bathed in the Ganges and was rattling castanettes and chanting a hymn to the god Rama with the audience joining in the responses. Next to him a patent medicine merchant had a score of mineral and herbal cures neatly set out in squares and he was dispensing a mixture which he declared was a sovereign remedy for all stomach troubles. I was more perplexed by the next group which pored over some writing on the ground and the picture of a woman, about which the salesman was apparently giving a learned discourse. He, I discovered, was selling virility tablets. Finally, I saw a circle within which a beautifully caparisoned bull was gently walking about in obedience to his master's voice. He was a curly, mild animal, well-fed and very unlike most Indian cattle. I gathered from friends that his act is traditional in India; it was new to me. His master announced that the bull would point out a man who had two annas in his hand, and, sure enough, a few minutes later, he was rubbing his nose against the sleeve of a member of the crowd who had no alternative but to part with the two annas. "Oh!" said my Indian friend, as the man started to speak again, "the bull is now going to find someone who has recently come from a journey overseas." It needed no intuition on my part to guess what this meant. Sure enough, the bull came up to me most politely and nodded his head three times in my direction. His master got another two annas.

* * *

Hundreds of people who arrive at Charing Cross underground between 7.30 and 9.30 in the morning are familiar with "Dirty Dick." He is an extremely dirty white spotted cat. He is also very fat and more ugly than any cat with whom I have ever been on stroking terms. He usually

sits on a small wall edging the Villiers Street side of the Embankment Gardens, and receives parcels of food and kindly words from sentimental Londoners. First he is fed by the coffee stall where night revellers eat their final snacks; then he is presented with bits of food by early morning workers who put their offerings a little higher up the street; finally, when the clerical and typist army arrives, admirers add more bits of breakfast in paper bags. Wandering out for a morning newspaper, I have often watched this process, but it was not until last week that it occurred to me to ask how Dirty Dick managed at the week-ends. I learned it from a stout and friendly old dame who sells flowers across the road. She had a neat little parcel with a Lyons label when we called on her on Saturday evening. No, she said, that wasn't her bit of supper, but eleven-pennyworth of fish which a lady, who fed Dirty Dick every morning during the week, bought and left with her to give him before she went home on Saturday nights. Much interest, she said, centred round Dirty Dick. She watched a man who left food every morning, and there was a girl, too. She thought they had become acquainted as a result of their joint interest in Dirty Dick. The man was apt to loiter a little before putting down his bag, and the girl was also careful to time her arrival. The flower-lady scented romance. She herself had grown fond of Dirty Dick, and then she added: "Do you hear that blackbird? I have been listening to him for the past three years. He sings louder than the traffic, louder than the trains at Charing Cross, even louder than the band on a summer evening; the only thing I'd never forgive Dirty Dick would be if he hurt that blackbird." And there are people who walk through Charing Cross as if it were no more than a collection of houses and streets!

CRITIC

THE TWO VOICES

When Whitehall pledges Britain's word
She by that word must stand,
Lest, when Imperial dangers loom,
Her subject peoples should presume
She speaks with one voice in Khartoum
And one in Nyasaland.

The backward Sudanese she guards
From Egypt's new regime,
But Central Africa forebodes
Some tampering with Whitehall codes,
Opposing in the land of Rhodes
The Federation scheme.

One voice from Whitehall, firm and strong,
Asserts dependents' rights,
While on her own Colonial ground,
One voice from Britain makes no sound
Because it is completely drowned
By shouts of local Whites,

One voice in Whitehall died away
When Africans appealed,
Another in defiant style
Denounced Egyptian grab and guile
And thundered on the Upper Nile
"Great Britain will not yield!"

When Britain by her plighted word
To native rights subscribes,
She must ensure at any cost
Her purpose is not double-crossed
Lest simple confidence be lost
Among the backward tribes.

Great Britain with one voice must speak—
For two there is no room.
Her word, her bond, her pledge must stand
For things will soon get out of hand
With one voice in Nyasaland,
Another in Khartoum.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

One of Prince Philip's first duties as a field-marshal must be to master the military salute.—*Evening Standard*. (L. H. Brooks.)

"The opinion of the trade unions is that the Bevanite activities are a deliberate attempt to undermine the leadership in the same way as Hitler and the Communists did. There is no difference whatever between them. Their goal is the same, the glorification of power."—Sir William Lawther, reported in *Daily Telegraph*. (A. S. Taff.)

Cessation of payment by a non-necessitous child in a normal school, who is not in one of the priority classes, should result in the discontinuance of meals.—*L.C.C. Educational Bulletin*. (M. Gilbert.)

Communist Jewish purge now places the seal upon Nazi partnership. Mass murders, suppression of religious and human rights are unknown facts of these kindred brotherhoods. Could it happen to us? Not while we have family life and the influence of the traditional open fire which draws so many together in the modern, mellow warmth circle around so many trouble-free Fireplaces which radiate that sleepy, soothing, satisfying mellow warmth when made and fixed by Longland & Braithwaite, Ltd.—Advert in *Bolton Evening News*. (E. Schonfield.)

Turmoil in Iraq

[The author of this article is Vice-President of the National Democratic Party of Iraq.]

RECENT events in Iraq have emphasised once again the need for political and social reforms to eradicate arbitrary rule, corrupt administration, bad economic conditions and widespread illiteracy and disease. But how quickly should this be done? If it is left to ordinary measures and the usual rate of development in a capitalist-feudal society, it might take a hundred years or more for living and social conditions to reach a decent level.

It is now popular to argue that if the Iraqi people will only be patient and wait for the development financed by the oil royalties to materialise, things will rapidly improve. But nothing of the sort will happen at the hands of such governments as Iraq has had of late, for their outdated policies can only suit a reactionary feudal society. Only Socialist measures can accomplish political reform and economic development at a speed that will satisfy the people, who are becoming impatient at their backwardness.

Iraq needs constitutional reform to give substance to its nominally democratic government; it needs land reform, with the break-up of large estates, to raise the standard of living of poverty-stricken peasants, and producers co-operative societies must be established and encouraged to offset exploitation by greedy merchants. The mechanisation of agriculture requires State tractor stations; and a long-term plan for the industrialisation of the country should be prepared and executed. Trade unionism and collective bargaining should be tolerated, and a decent minimum wage fixed. Free and compulsory education should be instituted and the State Health Service should be enlarged to cover all the country. Women should be completely emancipated. These and other Socialist measures can only be persistently and successfully applied by a truly Socialist government, which firmly believes in them and has the support of the people.

It would be hopeless to expect the application of such a plan of reform by a government that relies for its existence on the support of the ruling clique, with whose interests such radical reform would be inconsistent. This ruling clique, composed of tribal chiefs, big landowners and a small number of politicians who have exercised power for the last twenty years, has been the cornerstone of British influence in Iraq and undoubtedly has British backing today. The prominent leaders of this clique are drawn from the Ittihad Dastouri (Constitutional Union) Party of Nouri Al Said and the Umma Al Ishtiraki (People's Socialist) Party of Saleh Jabr, both which, together with all the other three parties, were dissolved by the present government. The three opposition parties, the National Democratic Party on the Left, the Popular Front Party of the Centre, and the Right-wing Independence Party recently established an alliance to demand overdue electoral and constitutional reforms; but the leaders of these parties were arrested when martial law was recently declared.

Newspaper reports have laid the blame for the recent troubles on the Communists, and some Tudeh members who infiltrated from Iran to Iraq. It is true that there is an underground Communist organisation, which has followers among students and workers, but to describe the recent demonstrations and disturbances in Baghdad as the work of such Communists is misleading. There were certainly some Iraqi Communists among the very large number of demonstrators, but they were supporting the (non-Communist) demands of the opposition parties. Part of the confusion is due to the custom of the ruling clique, and some foreigners, of branding every progressive movement as Communist in order to create a pretext for crushing it.

Tension has been accumulating for the last six months. It started with the ratification of the recent oil agreements, which introduced the 50-50 basis for royalties. Now this is a very sensitive subject, because it seems that there is much preoccupation in Britain with regard to the fate of the oil concessions in Iraq. Many people in Britain are surprised that Iraqis are not satisfied with this 50-50 basis; that, indeed, the majority of the Iraqi public still consider the recent oil agreements as unfair, believing that the division of profits between Iraq and the concessionaires on a 50-50 basis would still leave to the latter an undue share of excessive profits, amounting to more than 50 per cent. of their capital every year. Moreover, it is not generally understood in Britain that the oil agreements "adjust" this 50-50 division in such a manner that this equal sharing of profits becomes only nominal and that the share of Iraq would not exceed 35 per cent. of the profits.

For the calculation of profits an arbitrary basic price of ninety shillings per ton of crude oil at the Iraqi frontiers was fixed in the agreement, whereas at the time of signing the agreement the Iraqi crude oil was being sold at a price of more than one hundred and twenty shillings per ton f.o.b. tanker at Tripoli. The cost of transportation by pipeline from the Iraqi frontier to the tanker is known to be a few shillings only, a small fraction of the difference between the basic price and the market price, which the concessionaires will keep to themselves.

In accordance with the oil agreements, the Iraqi Government has to recognise for the calculation of the profits long-term contracts which provided for the sale of Iraqi crude oil at a discount. It is known that each of the five shareholding companies in Iraq Petroleum Company has a long-term contract for buying Iraqi crude oil at 12½ per cent discount. This means that Iraq's share in the real profits will be again reduced by half the amount of this discount, which goes to the shareholding companies as hidden profits. These are only two of the hidden "jokers" in the pack.

Public opinion in Iraq was very indignant at such provisions in the oil agreements, for Iraqis still firmly believe that they are not obtaining a fair compensation for their oil. No doubt the oil royalties seem substantial. But the value of the oil for which they are being paid is more than three times as great. The National Democratic Party, and most of the opposition, called for half the crude oil produced in kind or in value, based on the actual market price, as a fair share in this important natural asset of the country.

After the oil agreement, talk started about negotiating a new treaty in Britain to replace the Anglo-Iraqi Treaty of 1931, which is due to expire in 1957. It is presumed that a new treaty must be negotiated within the life of the new Iraqi Parliament, and this is one of the main reasons for the importance that is attached to this parliament. There was almost general agreement that the British military bases in Iraq must be evacuated and further military commitments to Britain avoided. Then the new American Ambassador at Baghdad, Mr. Berry, issued a statement last summer in which he called for the organisation of Middle East Defence and vigorously attacked the attitude of neutrality which all the three opposition parties have adopted.

All these events, combined with the intense discontent against bad social conditions and reactionary rule, culminated in demonstrations and riots when the Regent returned from London at the end of October, electoral reform was refused, and it became clear that the recent elections would be as carefully "arranged" as all previous elections. Military rule and martial law produced a superficial and temporary calm, and the elections went off as planned. Iraq will be ruled as before, for there can be no alternative to reaction and oppression save a constitutional democracy and Socialist reform.

MOHAMMED HADID

Screevers

No doubt the makers of the modern "non-slip" paving stone feel that they have comforted the march of materialism. Do they know what they have done to art? I know, because I have been talking to pavement-artists, and they say that one three-colour picture on a modern flag-stone wears out the three sticks of chalk that used to suffice for a whole row of landscapes. "They didn't think of that," said one of my pavement-artists, and I believe this to be true. But non-slip has one virtue: it dries more quickly after rain. A night's drizzle on the smooth-faced stone used to mean no work before dinner. Today, with a bit of old sacking, you can "dry off" half an hour after the rain stops.

To my surprise, very few of the men I spoke to knew that they were called "screevers," and two of them, stiffening a little when they heard it, remarked that they did a fair day's work. It does have a faintly pejorative hiss about it; I would rather, I think, be called a pavement-artist than a screever, for all the plausibility of the *Oxford Dictionary* in maintaining that they mean the same thing. (I've often thought that the academic lexicons of jargon cater for an especially cloistered public: try talking "thieves' argot" to an established thief, for example, and you will find him looking at you open-mouthed.)

The police say that in the nineteen-twenties there were three or four times more pavement-artists in London than there are to-day. Several policemen assured me that the reduction is a consequence of social welfare measures, but the admission of a number of screevers that they can get £10 a week in the summer throws some doubt on this. It seems quite clear, though, that they have not been cut down by the police. In the Metropolitan Police district, unless a screever is foolish enough to settle down in a place where he will cause obstruction, the police never interfere. Bozo, the screever in George Orwell's *Down and Out in Paris and London*, said that when he drew on the Embankment a copy of Botticelli's Venus, "a passing policeman looked at it and then, without a word, walked on to it and rubbed it out with his great flat feet." Bozo could also tell of political cartoons obliterated by the same massive censorship. I could get no confirmation of such stories from the screevers I talked to, though one of them remembered a charge of "insulting behaviour" against a screever who had drawn a recognisable Mr. Baldwin, at the time of the abdication crisis, dressed as Mrs. Grundy and brandishing an umbrella at Mrs. Simpson. I recollected, too, that the L.C.C. won't have nudes at the open-air shows in the Embankment Gardens, and supposed that censorship would always be busier in the open air than indoors.

"If people go into art galleries," a police superintendent told me, "and they don't like the nudes in there, that's their own look out. They can come out again, and they didn't have to go in. But they can't help walking along the pavements, and we have to look after them a bit. Besides, a badly-drawn nude's a rotten thing to look at anyway."

But you didn't have to look?

"That's not really the point. The only lawful use of the highway is for the purpose of passing and repassing. A lot of people use it for other things without getting into trouble—match-sellers and licensed photographers and newsvendors and what-not—but they don't give any offence as a rule, and if they do we go into action. People are entitled to walk along the pavements without having to take care where they look for fear of seeing something objectionable."

In the Metropolitan Police District writing or drawing on the pavement is not, apart from what you write or draw, unlawful. In 1947 the Deptford Borough Council tried to get the Standing Joint Committee of the twenty-eight Metropolitan Boroughs to join in obtaining a bye-law similar to one that has been in force in the City since 1911. This provides a forty-shilling fine for marking pavements with "chalk, paint or other material" without the consent of the Corporation for the purpose of attracting the attention of the public. It is not directed at the pavement-artist, though the Corporation in fact withholds from him the blessing it could lawfully give, and its pavements are destitute of pictures. It is directed at the people who chalk or whitewash public announcements on the pavements, about meetings, rallies, marches, petitions, and the likelihood that the wicked will descend into Hell. And it was such announcements that made the Deptford Borough Council want a bye-law. The Boroughs never reached agreement; and provided you choose the right spot you can draw on Metropolitan pavements (though not on walls or buildings) unhindered.

How do you find the right spot? You have three parties to placate: the police, the "frontagers," and other screevers. The police are tolerant about "obstruction" so long as you choose a wide pavement, and will never do worse than tell you to clear off if someone complains. The frontagers hardly know you're there, because you always choose a blank wall. And all you need do to retain the goodwill of any other screever is to avoid intercepting his proprietory stream of walkers.

"I often find my pitch occupied by another man," said Mr. H. H. Worley, who draws thoroughbred dogs and cats, landscapes, and Gainsborough's Mrs. Siddons outside the east wall of the National Gallery. "We never complain about that." Why not? "Well, we work together. Some days I try my luck elsewhere, or I might be laid up." (He is crippled with arthritis.) "So then there's a good pitch going empty. Someone comes along and gets to work on it. Fair enough. I'd take up a good pitch if I saw it vacant."

Mr. Worley buys all his coloured cartoon chalks at Brodie and Middleton's ("theatrical artists' colourmen") in Long Acre, who told me that they have been serving pavement-artists for more than a century. "They're the best people for dark green, lemon chrome, burnt sienna, blue, bright red, and umber," said Mr. Worley; "sixpence and a shilling a stick it is. But not the black and white. I buy lump-white in an oil shop, a big lump at a time for about two bob—you use a lot of that for backgrounds and edging. And the black—that's important, you need best quality black; I go to Reeves in Charing Cross Road. No one mixes their own colours now, with powder and glycerine and all that—most of us live in lodging-houses and we've got nowhere to do it."

Brodie and Middleton's know all the established pavement-artists. Some they have known for half a lifetime—like the Hyde Park Corner man who did half-crown coloured calendars to order for "ladies in their Rolls-Royces." But the trade has changed. The men can no longer buy broken chalks at cheap rates as they could before the war, for the powerful reason that the chalk is no longer allowed to get broken. (Where too, it struck me, are the broken biscuits?) So they have to spend more, earn more, and therefore draw better.

Mr. Worley doesn't agree with this. They draw worse, he says. The craft is full of charlatans. He himself has been to art schools, once had his own business as a coach-painter, and is the son of an architect. "Even if you *can* draw," he assured me (and Mr. Worley can), "it pays sometimes to pretend you can't. People feel sorry for a chap making a clumsy effort, whereas they think a good artist ought to be ashamed to be drawing on the pavement.

"But you've got to work," he said. "Work all the time. Let people see you working, actually on the stones. If you bring cardboard pictures and prop them against the wall you mightn't take a halfpenny all day. You can hire those things at a place in the East End—cartoons and that—half a dozen for five bob a day. But that's a mug's game, you're never out of debt. When you've drawn a row of your own pictures, you start rubbing them out one by one, so as to keep drawing."

Did you rub them out at night, when you went home?

"I never bother," said Mr. Worley. "Not worth while: they're never much good to anybody the next morning. As I say, the public wants to see you drawing. And we reckon you can only get so much out of a picture in a day."

This brought us to the delicate part.

"Well," said Mr. Worley in a slightly lowered voice over a Lyons coffee, "on a good Saturday in spring and summer you can take seven pounds on that pitch. More on some. On a week-day thirty-bob if you're lucky, two or three bob if not. Wet days are a dead loss, of course. I've had £10 a week out of it, but a good many weeks with nothing at all."

And no doubt some years are better than others?

"If ever there was a good year," said Mr. Worley, "this should be it."

C. H. ROLPH

Spleen

HARDIESON, Christian name unknown, died on Christmas Eve in a hole in the ground somewhere in the dock area of Grand Trou-sur-Mer. I had never known of his existence until I heard his weak voice, coming from somewhere in the region of my feet, calling on someone to lend him a knife. The voice, startling me into stillness, saved me from breaking a leg by falling into the same hole as Hardieson. I was so startled that, going on my knees to peer into the hole, I said: "What d'you want a knife for?" The weak voice replied savagely out of the darkness below the ground, "To cut my throat." Both his legs were broken, he said. He had been in the hole for some hours. He thought it was about twelve feet deep.

Another midnight loafer, attracted by voices and my prayer-like attitude, came sidling out of the deep shadow of a crane. I sent him for the doctor and the police, giving him fifty francs and promising another hundred when he returned. He shuffled briskly away into the darkness, and I could only hope that he still had spirit enough not to regard 50 francs as sufficient fortune. But remembering the risen cost of living and that you could hardly get any quantity of alcohol for one hundred francs, I yelled after him, "Deux cents cinquante balles, mais dépêchez vous!"

I had this situation on my hands because of an unhappy habit of wandering about strange towns at night, sometimes for hours. It's boring and tiring, but I always do it with an idiotic sense of adventure. Its all very well in Paris or Milan or Liverpool: night-lit faces and motions are revealing. But to indulge my taste for night prowling in Grand Trou was silly: the only thing to do in that town is to sleep and pretend that it's not there. Practically nothing has been done to repair the place since it was half destroyed in 1944. There are one or two flashy new shops, scores of shiny little cars, and a working population of people getting about eighteen thousand francs a month where it takes twenty thousand to live. As for putting up wooden barriers or even street lights to save people from falling into the open cellars among the bomb wreckage, nobody could make a penny out of that.

Hardieson was in Grand Trou in an effort to leave France and return to England, only he had no money. He had walked from the Italian frontier on a capital of 900 francs. When he came hobbling into the suburbs of Grand Trou after dark on Christmas Eve, he had one hundred francs and the better part of his last stolen loaf. These suburbs are built on the steep hills all round the natural harbour and the town proper. The streets are steep and crazy; their old, greasy cobbles are worn and broken by bomb holes and subsidences full of stinking mud. It's usually raining and, because of the factories which surround the town, the rain is dirty even before it reaches the ground. There is hardly any street lighting. A lot of the houses are built against sheer-sided hills, so that they have fronts on the street, but no backs. There are miles like that where, in the dark, you slide and twist your feet on the *pavé* or walk into heaps of sand dumped there for some permanently postponed rebuilding, or stumble over the great baulks of timber sloped up from the road to prevent some derelict house from falling bodily into the street.

Often, the houses rear up out of deep basements and as you pass you can see down into domestic interiors which, for the occupying family, are just the commonplace, just what one expects and gets from life; but which, for the peering stranger, are so poignantly squalid that one could weep. The squalor is perfectly ordinary, unspectacular: there may be a bare, unscrubbed table half covered by newspaper with a big grease stain, a half loaf, some dirty plates, an unmade bed with grey sheets, and by it, on a tin platter, raw offal for the hairless dog which intermittently scratches its mangy chops. Or a grey man is eating beans, stooped over a table on which is a pile of soiled underclothes, while his wife stands at the sink behind him looking at the chocolate coloured wall and picking her nose. Unspectacular squalor of the nineteen fifties, and nearly unbearable by the light of a twenty-watt globe. A humble flower of industrial capitalism and parliamentary democracy.

Hardieson had entered these suburbs and soon decided that the best way to spend his hundred francs was on a drink. The first place he came to with lights gave out the sounds of a jazz band. He went in. The bistro was a shoddy imitation of the *auberge*, with a tiled floor, mock beams and fancy brickwork imitated by wall-paper. It was dimly lit, and the closed stove smoked. From the sloped chimney of the stove depended a cardboard notice decorated with a sprig of mistletoe: it read, *Reveillonez chez Jims*.

Hardieson bought a glass of rum and sat at the bar watching the dancers. There were three young couples, very thin and very neat and very sad, who turned, cheek to cheek, walking about the floor in each other's arms. A fat, middle-aged, bespectacled man and a woman rather like him were having fun: every now and then the man would throw his heavy partner from him, by the hand, like an adagio dancer, and then heave her back to him. Or they would separate, and walk in little circles alone, softly clapping their hands and nodding their heads in time to the music. Two children, toddlers in thick coats and mufflers, clasped each other and went round and round and round with the rest. They were not smiling either, but sometimes looked at their impassive parents, or at the other guests, archly, for applause. The band was called *Bugi-Wugi*: a thin, stooped man with a huge, loosely mounted head, played the piano with distaste; a fair youth with pebble glasses, and with a dirty bandage on one hand, played a trumpet out of time; the saxophone player was quite good, an Algerian.

From the bottom of his dark pit Hardieson's voice ascended, telling me this.

"Yes," he said, "*ils reveillonait*. It was terribly sad." He asked for another cigarette and I dropped it down to him, alight. He would not let me go for brandy or help. "Very sad," his weakening voice said, "but then it always is."

"What is?" I said.

"Dancing, our dancing."

After that he was silent for so long that I called down, into the pit, absurdly, "Are you all right?"

The voice came up again, thoughtful. "Didn't Bernard of Clairvaux accuse Abelard of something like that, our gloom, I mean, our hopelessness? It used to be a sin you know. *Accidie*. The sin in our dancing, eh? Sorrow, not sex." He chuckled feebly, down there in the hole, and then fell silent again. I felt I had to see him, and rolled up my evening paper and lit it and held it high and did manage to catch a sort of ghastly image of him, half sunk in black water deep at the bottom of the hole, his legs doubled under him, the livid disk of his face outlined by the shadow of a young beard, his bright eyes staring up at the flaming paper. "Bonfire night," he said, giggling. I had an irrational conviction that it was important to keep him talking. I said, as the flame went out and the black charred paper fluttered away, "Well, you left *chez Jims*, and then what?"

"Then there was the dog."

"What dog?"

"It was run over."

He had wandered about the unlit streets until he hit the main way down to the old port, a steep, straight gully of worn cobbles between stucco fronts, which rears up out of the town into the suburbs. The Citroens and Renaults come up at top speed, klaxons sounding. There are a few street lights. That night there were just enough people about to emphasise the emptiness of the long street. Just enough shops had lights—a café called Jules, the *débit de tabac*, the Havas agency—to make it clear that no light at all would have been less dismal. Hardieson stood at the top of the hill looking down into the town. A Citroen turned out of the empty market place at the bottom and came tearing up the hill, its tyres buzzing on the *pavé*. One of those ungainly French mongrel dogs, off-white with grey splodges, ran out guiltily from the propped ruins of the baroque cathedral and scuttled straight across the road. Hardieson saw the dog swallowed by the yellow glare of the headlamps, saw the headlamps bump and flicker, and then the car came on, faster than ever, the sound of its motor drowned by the high yelping scream of the injured brute which clamoured and rang in the trumpet of the tall, narrow street.

Hardieson went hobbling down towards the dog. It was trying to walk with its front legs, dragging the rest of its body, and it was still yelping shrilly and the sound of that complaint rang back and forth across the street between the blind and silent houses. Several people came and looked at the dog with interest. One elderly woman said, "Ah, la pauvre bête! C'aurait pu être une personne." She shook her head and walked away. Hardieson said: "Has anyone got a knife?" A thin suspicious man in a beret, with the ribbon of an order in his buttonhole, said that he had one, but did not offer it until Hardieson said, sharp and loud above the yelping of the dog: "Lend it."

The man did so, reluctantly. Hardieson caught the dog by the muzzle and it tried to bite him, but in a moment he managed to find the artery, forcing back the head, and driving in the knife with a kind of furious, contained hatred for the animal's pain. He found a bit of newspaper in the gutter, to wipe the knife, but its owner received it back with a look of disgust. There were comments, favourable and unfavourable, in the small crowd, but Hardieson just pushed past the people, who looked at him with dislike or curiosity so that he wanted to shout at them. He walked

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down towards the docks, seeing fewer and fewer people, until there was nobody. He stopped by a huge crane in the cabin of which the driver had carelessly left a light burning. By its means Hardieson, who could not decide whether he felt sick or hungry, looked at the remains of his bread. But it had been horribly soiled, he had to throw it away, and then he suddenly felt certain that there was blood all over his hands, although he could not see any, and he went on his knees and dabbled them frantically in a puddle of dark water, formed where the cobbles of the quay had subsided into the clay.

After that he had walked about, stumbling in the darkness. He knew that there was a motor-car ferry which crossed to Grand Trou on Christmas Eve, waited over Christmas, and returned to England on Boxing Day. He thought he would stow away on it; it should be easy, this was a holiday, the watch might be careless or asleep or even drunk. But he never found the way to the ship's berth, but wandered into a *terrain vague* of cranes and railway lines and great piles of crates, and fell down the hole where I found him, breaking both legs.

"I was awfully sorry for myself," his voice told me, coming out of the hole weaker than ever. I still knelt beside it, although the stones were grinding my knees and the mud had soaked through my trousers. "Awfully sorry for myself. I thought it hard, you know, that there was no one to do *me* in, like the dog."

We were both silent until his voice rose again from the pit.

"Will that fellow fetch a priest?"

"I didn't tell him," I said, "I didn't think—anyway, you're not going to die, not of a broken leg, my dear chap."

"I haven't eaten much for three weeks," he excused himself, and added, "Oh well, I haven't much on my conscience." There was another silence, and I half turned away to watch the lights of a car which might be the rescuers. They were coming our way, slowly, lurching and flickering over the worn *pavé*. From the hole I heard Hardieson's voice finish his reflection: "Not much, really. Just envying that dog." Then his voice sank into mutterings.

I shouted down the hole, "They're here! Cheer up, we'll soon have you out now." For I had seen that the car was seeking about, and I stood up and waved, and now it was coming cautiously towards us.

It was the doctor and, oddly enough, there was a priest with him in the car, a friend who had been in the house when my messenger arrived. He was young and very practical, saying at once: "In a dockyard there should be rope." He went casting and poking about with his torch among the great piles of crates. The doctor knelt by the hole and called out, but Hardieson did not answer, and the doctor turned and accused me: "He does not answer!"

"He was talking a minute ago," I defended myself. The priest came back with rope.

"I will descend," the doctor said, with conscious virtue. Why not? He was fattish, far from young. We put the rope round him, under the shoulders, and he went down scrabbling, grunting, cursing under his breath. We needed all our strength on the rope. Then the tension relaxed and we saw the doctor's torch flash on, at the bottom of the hole. To the priest I said: "He's English, but Catholic. He asked for a priest." But before he could reply, the doctor's voice came up, peevish, from the bottom of the hole: "Cet homme est mort!"

I felt terribly surprised, and said stupidly, "But he was talking just now." And then, with an anxiety as ridiculous as it was incomprehensible, in an unbeliever, "I say, Father, I should have sent for you, I didn't think, I mean, is it all right, you not being there?"

The priest patted me lightly on the shoulder. "No doubt he made an act of contrition," he assured me.

"Actually," I said, "he sort of—confessed."

"Better still. What was worrying the poor man?"

I told the priest about Hardieson envying the dog, and by the light of the car lamps I saw that he looked inexpressibly shocked, and I said hastily, almost apologising, as if I believed in damnation, "He was sorry, Father, he repented."

"I'm sure I hope so," the priest said, and then turned to man the rope again, for the doctor was calling angrily, "Here, come on, get me out of this."

The lights of the police car were approaching, and I remembered that I'd have to wait and pay the messenger two hundred and fifty francs.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

THE GREAT DETECTIVE

THE latest ballet to be presented by the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet is a facetious fantasy about Sherlock Holmes called *The Great Detective*. It would have been a clearer and better work, I think, had the plot consisted of a single story; for to anyone like myself who is unacquainted with the full repertoire of Baker Street legend, the characters of every villain, gorilla, distressed lady or victim are too sketchily traced for significance. These figures are not sufficiently definitive to stand on their own; they are only types from the original stories, and therefore lose their satirical value once disconnected in the mind of the watcher from their literary context. Margaret Dale, the choreographer, who is well known as a dancer in the Sadler's Wells company, has arranged some very good comedy movements for the men, while the character of Dr. Watson—excellently danced by Stanley Holden—is developed with lively discernment. On the other hand, the Great Detective himself is given very little, besides a magnifying glass and his meerschaum, though Kenneth Macmillan handles these with proper dignity and humour. But Miss Dale has been defeated by the confusion of her plot, which veers uncertainly from circumstantial narrative to fanciful visions.

Richard Arnell's music seems to me unsuited to its subject, for it lacks suitably dramatic climaxes and that essentially period sentimental flavour which is being guyed. The costumes, by Brian Robb, have also little of the atmospheric stuffiness and romantic gloom, so well predicted by the drop curtain, which is redolent of the fusty smelling cabs and elastic-sided boots of Conan Doyle's London. It is only when transported to a world of complete fantasy in the morgue scene that Mr. Robb's designs become of a sudden brilliant. His horrific costumes and masks for the victims of the Infamous Professor are superb: they have a direct theatrical impact which by its farcial grimness both shocks and amuses the audience. For this reason, and because the grouping is less confused by too much happening, it is the most original scene in the ballet.

On this occasion I saw for the first time the last half of *Casse-Noisette*, as revised by Frederick Ashton and designed by Cecil Beaton. In the course of the revision it has become both vulgar and boring. The beautiful star-shaped theme pattern of the Snowflake scene, with its rather monotonous, lilting rhythm and whirl, that built up to the final pile of snow, has been replaced by jerky, straight formations that have neither charm nor meaning; while the last act, uneven though it always was, is now a shapeless series of *divertissements*, all—excepting the dances of the Sugar Plum Fairy and the Sugar Sticks, which are still the work of Nicolai Serguev—being choreography of the dullest kind. It is tragic to realise that the efforts of Mr. Serguev, who brought this ballet from Russia to England and transcribed it from his notes on the original, should have been so cast away and lost to tradition; for though it was never a masterpiece, yet it possessed an ornamental atmosphere of the Russian fairy tale, which has now been made meaningless. The ballet has become dated and daintified in the poorest taste alongside the crinolined lady with her hollyhocks somewhere in the Nineteen-Twenties.

ANNABEL FARJEON

IRISH AND ANGLO-IRISH

MR. ROGER MACDOUGALL well deserves the acclaim given to his new play. *Escapade*, which is, very roughly, in the Bridie tradition, is a full play, brimming with vitality, over-flowing with high jinks (and low) stuffed with jokes good and bad, and winking with ideas of all kinds. There is a common fallacy in judging the play of ideas, namely when we complain that the ideas are not original enough. But, in fact, one can hardly expect in a playwright the qualities of an original thinker. What one may fairly demand is, first, that the ideas that he is tossing about are ideas upon the sort of questions that exercise the contemporary mind; and secondly, that he puts them before us in a stimulating and provocative and theatrical way so that they come at us with the force of freshness.

Mr. Macdougall for the most part observes both of these conditions. In his earlier plays (*The Gentle Gunman* and *MacAdam and Eve*) he made the error of supposing that his arguments and ideas were interesting in themselves, as if he thought them original. If he still errs occasionally on this score, yet *Escapade* marks a great advance. The plot is ingenious, for it both rouses expectation on the story level and introduces the issues he wants to raise in amusing and interesting ways. The young son of a well-known publicist on the side of "Peace" causes a master at his school to be shot—or rather winged—in the course of an escapade which turns out to have a more serious object than at first appears. So the first shock for us is to hear that the pacifist's son has turned into a violent little animal, but then we gradually discover that his pacifism was as strong and more effective than his father's. We never see this son in person; we only hear of him from his hero-worshipping school fellows, and this inverted view of the events and the issues—the intelligent schoolboy's view—adds a lively new dimension.

It is all too rare nowadays in the theatre to see really contemporary types and to hear contemporary issues being rehearsed. Mr. Macdougall makes a great success of his leading character, the odious author involved in a "Peace" campaign. And his success consists in making his odiousness as a man palpable, while at the same time allowing us to believe that his pacifism is both genuine and likeable. This, in face of the gravitational pull of the stage towards the stock type, is something of an achievement. Mr. Macdougall is greatly helped, of course, by Mr. Nigel Patrick who plays this part with enormous verve. I always applaud when I see a typecast actor daring to play against his type. Here Mr. Patrick shows that he is worth much more than the easy debonair dandy which he is usually saddled with because he plays it with such ease.

With the schoolmaster Mr. Macdougall is less successful, and in less assured hands than Mr. Ernest Clark's this character might have torn the play apart. The thoroughly intelligent confession of faith with which he silences the house in the last act, for instance, effective though it is, doesn't at all fit with anything we have gathered about this man from his actions earlier on. But then it must be admitted that the play is full of inconsistencies of the wrong kind. Indeed, a sort of major inconsistency lies over the whole venture, the writing, the acting and the production alike, as

if no one had quite decided in what mode the play was meant to be acted. Certainly, the bickering between husband and wife went on much too long and assumed altogether too great an importance, throwing the first act rather out of proportion. Then in the second act Mr. Hugh Griffiths made a wonderful leering entrance as a seedy journalist, but he seemed for some time to be a character popped in from a play by Anouilh (I say "seemed" because a trick of speech, which is growing on him steadily, makes too much of what he has to say inaudible). But the great thing is that in spite of all its faults, the play had abundant vitality, vitality in the rhetoric and vitality in the invention. Practice and experience and a blue pencil for the too obvious jokes and the overworked passages, these are all Mr. Macdougall needs now.

Mr. Paul Vincent Carroll is luckier than Mr. Macdougall in one respect: he has a still lively tradition in which to write, he hasn't to forge his own. A title like *The Devil Came from Dublin* disposes us at once to believe the tallest of stories: we don't have to be convinced that the loungers in the bar at Chuckeyhead are all smugglers: we half knew it already. From the priest downwards they make their livings by passing goods across the nearby border. So, judge of their reaction when the Government in Dublin sends down a new District Justice to put an end to this very thing. It becomes a struggle between the Good Easy Life and Puritan oppression, and that is the subject of this entertaining comedy.

It is a little hard to tell from the production at the Embassy just how successful this play is as a whole. For, unfortunately, a mishit in the casting takes out one whole strand, and that an important one. It would, anyhow, take an actress of great skill and experience to make the romantic heroine work. Still, what we are left with is, in the best Irish tradition, a series of rich characters, richly endowed with the gift of racy speech and slippery moral values. If the best of them all seems to be Sergeant Whistler of the Guard, that is probably because it is Mr. Liam Redmond who is beautifully acting this middle-aged fighter turned timid soak. It's a marvellous scene that, at the end of the second act when this soggy coward comes to arrest the leader of the smugglers, Mike MacNamara, fabled for his brawny chest and terrible fist (it is part of the Irish magic that it can invest the local garage hand with all the attributes of fable). Mr. Mark Daly, too, is a perfect publican, jaunty dispenser of the ever brimming "bumper", tempter and ameliorator in one.

It is rather unkind perhaps, to insist on the limitations of Mr. John Phillips as the District Justice and Mr. Christopher Steele as the Customs Officer, for they both came very near to bringing it off. John Phillips could not be more perfect if appearance was everything. But his pace is decidedly slow; the ease of complete conviction from the inside is somehow missing, good though the rendering is within its limits. This, too, is true of Mr. Steele. He is more than adequate, but he doesn't quite get the wholeheartedness of Crampsey who is drunk as much on words as he is on whisky. But in spite of the short-comings, *The Devil Came from Dublin* is well worth a visit. It has that warming human quality which is part of the tradition and its best done passages are superb.

T. C. WORSLEY

RADIO NOTES

How good is a good radio play! Yet assiduous listening convinces me that radio dialogue, to be truly satisfying, requires either particular elegance of manner or thoughtfulness of content—we cannot expect often to be given both. It has been suggested that the first, at its highest level, contains the second; but it is the rarer of the two, and the less easily got from writers for the asking. Style apart, there is still the idea; and to this, in a medium where spectacle and movement count for little and the fewer the foreground characters the better, the listener is particularly susceptible. We can listen, in short, to conversation when we may not wish to watch the speakers. In contrast to the works of Shaw, Wilde, Sheridan, Granville Barker, or more recent originals whose plays are perennially apt and invigorating for broadcasting, we might consider the radio playlets about Mrs. Dale and her family. The effect of a daily session with this lady, whose utterances are most carefully purged both of style and significance of any sort, is akin, I imagine, to the effects of lotos-eating; very nice at the time, but enervating, leaving the partaker mentally and morally in a drowsing swoon. Listener, beware of the suburban Lotos-land of Dale, a land like Tennyson's, where all things always seem the same, a land where it is *always afternoon*.

This is not a prelude to complaint, but to a note of pleasure at the quality and variety in content of the last fortnight's drama. *Journey to Earth*, for instance, was a memorable piece of broadcasting with an excellent subject—the return to secular life of a nun who has spent forty years in an enclosed Order. From the many dramatic aspects to this situation, the author (Bridget Boland) selected chiefly that of time: the innocent eye surveying the contemporary world. While this is always more interesting than the arid guess at the future or the wishful view of the past, it did wake the thought that other plays might yet be written out of the same serious and fascinating theme. But the version certainly had a problem, a climax, and an unforeseen solution; as well as the distinguished acting of Flora Robson and the admirable work of E. J. King-Bull as producer. Another striking play, also produced by Mr. King-Bull, was *The Feast*, by Margaret Kennedy, an unforced contemporary allegory on the Seven Deadly Sins with one of those infallible settings—an hotel on the edge of a crumbling Cornish cliff. It contained, as well as its provocative theory, some effective telescoping in the presentation; the spreading of a rumour by the repeating of its key phrase was one of the devices in which the radio had an advantage over the ordinary stage. *The Gift* (by C. E. Webber, produced by Frederick Bradnum) was a satirical fancy on a lighter note, about a young clerk, who after an accident, finds himself endowed, or cursed, with the gift of splendid poetic speech. Such a theme, of course, needs writing of some verve and quality to carry conviction; this it had; this it did. John Slater played with style the part of the bewitched young man. On the Third, meanwhile, we had Anouilh's pensive summer comedy of disillusion *The Waltz of the Toreadors*, leisurely, penetrating and absurd, with the strongest echoes of Shaw and of Chekhov in setting and mood, and in the shifting of the stress between the old, the middle-aged and the young.

An unobtrusive programme *William Cornyshe*, part music, part biography, embodied an experiment which I hope will be extended by its author and producer, Douglas Cleverdon, to other of the earlier English musicians. The Third Programme feature approach to their life and work has not, as far as I know, been attempted, yet much of the material waiting, often only in manuscript form, is rich, quaint, and to most of us, new. Cornyshe, a friend and contemporary of Skelton, was Henry VIII's Master of the Chapel Royal, in a court passionately fond of music and pageantry. Biographically, the programme was sketchy, perhaps, but the music pleased; while, to a modern ear, the very invoices and wardrobe lists for the Cornyshe masques have their own poetry: ". . . Summer, powdered with gold primroses; the Rain, russet with silver honey suckles; Winter, black sarsenet with silver snowflakes; Lust, with gold stars . . ."

The week closed with *The Duchess at Sunset*, Pamela Hansford Johnson's *Imaginary Conversation* in which Proust and the Proust world were lifted into the Occupied France of 1941. This was not its first performance, but one could hear it many times over for the brilliance of its acting, of its idea, and of Rayner Heppenstall's new production.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"The Long Memory," at the Leicester Square
"Wozzeck" and "Golden Marie," at the Continentale
"Manon" and "Paris, 1900," at the Vogue, Stoke Newington

Mysterious in the extreme is this jail-bird of *The Long Memory* who, coming out from a stretch for murder, makes straight for a barge lair on the deserted lower Thames; he hasn't committed the murder, hasn't (being found guilty) swung for it; he comes as a stranger, and by some sort of fatalistic right turns out the barge owner, an old ballad-warbling wild-fowling sort of cove.

No less mysterious is the film's director, Mr. Robert Hamer. He once raised our hopes with *It Always Rains on Sundays*, brought off, in *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, the miracle of a British film comparable in wit and style with an Oscar Wilde play. Otherwise, with shots in various directions, he has rather let us down and left unrequited his own appetite for the sinister. Nevertheless, each new film of his raises high hopes. How far does *The Long Memory* satisfy them?

Two-thirds, shall we say, being meticulous. His camera is far more persuasive than it was, and this means a lot. It means, for example, that one doesn't, immediately, so much question the out-of-nowhere appearance of the hero—John Mills, by the way—as enjoy the obvious photogeneity of his surroundings. The hooting Thames, the flat mud-corroded landscape, the shanty caff with something of a *Quai des Brumes* flavour, catch the eye seductively. There's nothing like film-grey for bringing out the romance in ugliness. But—French examples coming to the mind, as they have undoubtedly preoccupied Mr. Hamer—the landscapes of *Quai des Brumes*, of *Ure Si Jolie Petite Plage*, perfectly framed their stories, and one couldn't

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separate the one from the other. The surroundings of *The Long Memory* easily divide from the personages: Mr. Mills, as I have suggested, comes there because *there* is where the heart has been set on. His subsequent actions—tracking down the real criminal, being tracked by the police—spring out of this rather than out of him; his girl has married a policeman, and a new girl from the caff dumps herself on him, so that the plot and sub-plot are well satisfied. But are we? I must repeat myself (all through this film we are swept away and kept back, denied the whole hog) —by saying that people and events don't quite come up to appearances. On looks, this is as good an English thriller as we've seen for a long while; but looks aren't, even on a screen, everything. One leaves it with the sensation of empty thrills, a waste of conscience. Only the landscape and an occasional pressure of horror, remain. That is much. Mr. Hamer has a genuine feeling, a difficulty no less genuine in finding expression for it. His actors tread firmly on shifting sands. Mr. Mills begins almost to rival Miss Celia Johnson as a nice worrier.

Two good films at the Continentale, each ending with the execution of the hero, would have been better separated. Nevertheless, their quality impresses. My wish to see Becker's *Golden Marie* has at last been realised: it almost comes up to its highest tributes. *Wozzeck* I reviewed at some length when it was shown at the British Film Institute. This legend of the underdog recaptures the romantic horror of the pre-war German cinema—strange, since it comes out of East Germany; what it just misses, and what Alban Berg with his score miraculously caught, is the magic implicit in Buchner's haunting sketch for a masterpiece.

A new Continental cinema—the Vogue, High Street, Stoke Newington—opens on Feb. 2 with *Manon* and *Paris, 1900;* and this will be followed in succeeding weeks by doubles of *Edouard et Caroline* and *Le Roi;* and *Bicycle Thieves* and *La Citta si Difende*. For serious campaigners this will provide a much-needed bridgehead in North-East London.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Queen of Spades," at Covent Garden

The strength of Tchaikovsky's opera is in its atmosphere, by turns charming, fantastic and sinister; its weakness in the preponderance of decorative detail over human interest. Covent Garden deals best with the picturesque side. Oliver Messel's lovely designs and dresses delight the eye; and Michael Benthall's production, though disfigured by a few fussy details, rises splendidly to the macabre climax of the plot. Edith Coates has improved on her brilliant sketch of the decrepit Countess. Her stick still taps the floor too often, but she now *sings*, instead of half-speaking, the Grétry refrain, with proportionately increased effect, and her paralysed movements after the entrance of Herrmann are wonderfully grisly and right. Edgar Evans makes of Herrmann a more distinct figure than before, but in order to convey something of the sympathy which Tchaikovsky himself must have felt for this neurotic character he must bring to life the pervasive lyrical melancholy of the vocal line; he must phrase more, sing more. All the men resorted too readily to parlande. As Lisa, Ljuba Welitsch never fell into this fault; she maintained her habitually pure legato, but the voice itself seems at present to be in eclipse, and to lack its old brightness and power. Vilem Tausky contrived to make Tchaikovsky's vivid scoring sound dull: one example of many was the opening of the last scene. Thus the performance, though dramatically impressive, was musically only moderate.

D. S.-T.

Correspondence

FLANDIN AND 1931

SIR,—The reference in Mr. Kingsley Martin's *Harold Laski* (page 81) to the allegation preserved in one of Laski's notes that M. Flandin assured me during the crisis of 1931 which smashed the Labour Government, that gold withdrawals by France from London were made at the direct request of Mr. Montagu Norman, then Governor of the Bank of England, prompts me to invite any reader of your journal who may be in a position either to corroborate or to criticise, or to explain M. Flandin's assertion, to do so before the trail becomes forever obliterated.

What happened was this: as recounted in the chapter on High Finance and the Crisis of 1931 in my book, *The Financiers and the Nation*, page 198 (Methuen, 1934), along with Mr. Ralph Wigram, then Counsellor at the British Embassy in Paris, I had, with the full approval of the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Arthur Henderson, an interview with M. Flandin, the French Chancellor, and Laval, the Prime Minister. Both separately and together assured us that France had in fact offered to lend money to Britain in order to save the £ sterling, and that "upon at least two occasions" when the Bank of France had bought British gold "it had done so at the direct request of the Bank of England which had made the request for purely regulatory and administrative reasons." More than that, declared M. Flandin, he was seriously annoyed at the completely false accusations in Britain that France had been recklessly pulling down the £ and he was prepared to make a public statement on the subject.

He offered further to bring into Paris next day M. Moret, the Governor of the Bank of France, to meet me and substantiate his assertion that any gold withdrawals from London had been made at the request of the Bank of England. I have the late Mr. Ralph Wigram's confirmation in writing of the accuracy of that account of our interview with Messrs. Flandin and Laval.

Back in London, Mr. Philip Snowden expressed sheer incredulity both to Arthur Henderson, the Foreign Secretary, and to myself. Unfortunately by this time the Governor of the Bank of England, Mr. Norman, had gone to Quebec on a health recuperation holiday and was not at the end of a telephone, and the Government crashed before ever we were in a position to get explanations as to why gold should be exported (amid the wildest British press declarations that France was the villain of the piece) "for regulatory and administrative reasons" without the knowledge of the Chancellor or of the Cabinet.

Holm Cottage, THOMAS JOHNSTON
Fintry, Stirlingshire.

LOST ENTHUSIASMS

SIR,—Your leading article, "A Tale of Lost Enthusiasms" was quoted by our Honorary President, Principal Nicholson of Hull University, at a recent week-end school held here in Manchester. It excited considerable interest.

Your complaint that the energies and capabilities of the younger age group eighteen to thirty were being wasted was recognised by leading educationalists prior to the last war.

Accordingly an experiment was organised. Groups of young people between the ages of eighteen to thirty were formed with a background of activities involving informal education and social service *but* with no political, religious or sectarian affiliation.

Naturally the war caused a considerable number of obstacles but at the time of writing there are twenty-five such groups operating as far apart as London, Manchester, Wolverhampton, Nottingham, Portsmouth and Liverpool and we are expanding.

Groups vary in size from fifteen to twenty to as many as sixty members, their activities falling within the intentionally very broad outline of our own constitution. There are no paid officials, each group electing its own officers by simple majority voting, the only stipulation being that he or she must be under thirty years old. The fees are determined by the Group and the programme arranged with a broad basis of talks on such subjects as Spiritualism, Coal Mining, British Foreign Policy, Trade Unionism, C.O.I. Film Shows, all by authoritative speakers who are usually submitted to a gruelling question time. No subjects are barred and stimulating opinions are voiced which help in determining not only the character of the Group but the personality and character of the individual member through this free untrammelled interchange of ideas. Elections in the Groups are held usually twice a year and a Regional and National Executive Committee co-ordinates the activities of the individual groups as directed.

We thrive on curiosity, call it instability if you wish. The questioning mind is our source of energy. Tolerance is a necessity where varied and opposing points of view can be and are expressed before an audience.

The century which has produced two world wars and a tidal wave of technical knowledge has also produced a generation suspicious of second- or third-hand information, wary of the person who claims omnipotence even of one subject alone.

Coupled with this is a desire to serve society by way of a greater understanding, not only of the factual facet of life, but also on ethical and moral plane leading to the establishment of standards which will be of use and a credit to both the community and the individual in the years before us.

J. PETER HARRISON
Hon. Secretary

Federation of Eighteen Plus Group,
Mary Ward Settlement,
Tavistock Place, W.C.1.

THE ROSENBERG CASE

SIR,—Mr. Cedric Belfrage, in his letter in the *N.S. & N.* of December 20 states of the Rosenbergs that "their guilt was never proven under the broadest conception of Anglo-Saxon legal precedent." This is sheer nonsense. The basic facts are these:

1. A witness Max Elitcher testified that Julius

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Rosenberg and Morton Sobell had sought to recruit him into espionage.

2. A witness, David Greenglass, the brother-in-law of Rosenberg, and a machinist at the Los Almos atomic energy project, testified that Rosenberg had recruited him into espionage and told him that a courier, bearing one-half of a jello box, would match a half given to Greenglass and contact him in New Mexico.

3. A witness, Harry Gold, arrested as the courier for Klaus Fuchs, testified that the Soviet vice-consul in New York, Yakovlev, had given him half a jello box and directed him to Greenglass with the message, "I come from Julius." Greenglass confirmed the meeting with Gold.

4. Greenglass further testified that he turned over directly to Rosenberg drawings which showed how the atomic bomb was triggered.

5. When Harry Gold was arrested, Morton Sobell fled to Mexico, and was extradited. (Sobell, the forgotten man in the case, received a thirty-year sentence.) Greenglass was prepared to flee as well. Rosenberg had given Greenglass five thousand dollars, just before Greenglass, as a result of identification by Harry Gold, was arrested. Greenglass, on the advice of his lawyer, John Rogge, a former leader of the Progressive Party, decided to tell the truth.

6. The Rosenbergs, when arrested, were on the verge of fleeing to Mexico. They had taken medical shots and passport photographs. These facts were brought out in court.

The court evidence is quite conclusive. If one posits a theory of "frame-up" it is difficult to see how situations which were first established eight years ago should arrange themselves so neatly that Julius Rosenberg fitted in at every point.

Some other points are pertinent:

The charge is made that Rosenberg is being tried for his political opinions, and is a scapegoat in order to pin atomic espionage on Communists. The Rosenbergs, although minor party figures until 1944, had dropped out of *all* public activity from that time on. Rosenberg had never participated in any movements or demonstrations of any "progressive" nature. He was not known as a Communist. He had gone "underground".

The New York *Post*, one of the few staunch New Deal papers in the U.S. ran a long series of articles which, from the court records, demonstrated the guilt of the Rosenbergs.

The Circuit Court of Appeals, reviewing evidence, as well as law, said in a decision written by Jerome Frank, one of America's great liberal jurists, that the Rosenbergs were guilty.

The Rosenberg committee has spread the rumour that Judge Kaufman applied a harsh verdict in the Rosenberg case to atone for his alleged pro-Hiss partiality of an earlier trial; the fact is that there are two Judge Kaufmans, and they are unrelated.

The most significant fact, however, is that the *Daily Worker* and the entire Communist press were *completely* silent during the Rosenberg trial and for more than nine months after. This was part, evidently, of an old tactic to avoid mentioning trials where the charge of Communist espionage was raised. The *Daily Worker* barely mentioned the Canadian atomic spy trial, the Coplon trial, the Hiss trial, or the Rosenbergs. Several months ago, however, the curtain of silence on the Rosenbergs was raised and the campaign begun with intense fury. Issues such as anti-Semitism were raised, although the only reference to Jewry during the trial came in the testimony that Rosenberg had abandoned studies for the rabbinate to join the Communist Party. The Government never raised the issue. Efforts are made to pitch the verdict as depending upon the unsubstantiated word of one man, whereas the conclusive weight of evidence proves espionage, while the testimony of Greenglass is the direct link to *atomic* espionage. Individuals, like Harold Urey, who had no connection with the case are dragged in after a hasty reading of a court transcript, although Urey's statement showed that he had not read the transcript fully; certainly not as fully as Judges Frank and Swan and the Appellate courts.

It is evident that the Rosenberg case was raised on the cold basis of (a) heading off Rosenberg from talking. As the paymaster of the ring he could still name other persons involved in espionage. The campaign so martyrises him that confession becomes psychologically difficult.

(b) The case becomes a convenient method, as Mr. Beltrage's letter demonstrates, of distracting attention from the Soviet anti-Jewish campaign, or at best "equating" the U.S. with Russia and so neutralising the anger of the Western world against the new Moscow purges.

These facts do not themselves indicate that clemency may not be in order. But clemency, as the American Committee for Cultural Freedom has pointed out, can and should be asked on the simple human basis of mercy, rather than as the manipulated deceit of the Communist Party.

Fortune Magazine, New York. DANIEL BELL *Associate Editor*

CENTRAL AFRICAN FEDERATION

SIR,—In your issue of January 10 you urge that the Labour Party should take a positive line about the proposed Central African Federation.

Surely it is for all those interested in the maintenance of good race relations in Africa to press for the inclusion of Africans in some way or other in the deliberations which are to be taken about their future in the three territories concerned? In Southern Rhodesia there is to be a European referendum on this important subject, but not an African one. In Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland it is proposed that there should be debates in the Legislative Councils, but on these bodies Africans are still nominated and not elected and there is still so small a number of Africans that on a count of votes there would be little chance of their influencing the decision.

In view of the importance of this issue to the future of Africa as a whole, and of the guarantees that have been frequently given to the Africans of these territories that their wishes would be considered, it should surely be possible to use one of the many methods of consulting a largely illiterate population that have already been tried. It has not been found impossible to arrange for a vote by secret ballot in the backward as well as in the advanced, parts of the Gold Coast. Voting has been achieved elsewhere by means of the decisions of a hierarchy of African Government Councils. In the Union, by the Representation of Natives Act of 1936, Africans voted for as few as four representatives in the Senate by means of an electoral college consisting of voting units in each area, such voting units varying from local councils and chiefs, to native advisory bodies in urban areas or specially elected committees of resident tax-payers in cases where no native government body existed. It should not be impossible for Central Africa to devise some method of testing African opinion by a secret ballot that would avoid the intimidation that is said to take place. If it is true, as Government spokesmen have said, that the mass of the Africans are entirely indifferent to their future, then it should be possible to record only votes from areas or electoral units in which over a fixed percentage of votes were in fact cast.

Such a proposal would I think silence most of the criticism expressed so widely in the United Kingdom, but it would also do something to allay the very real anxiety expressed in other parts of British Africa. In Uganda this anxiety is already considerable. The argument runs, "If the British Government breaks its word to the Africans of Central Africa and forces Federation against their expressed wishes, then there is no reason why they should not do the same here. This means that we shall be forced into a federation in which Kenya will be the dominating partner!" Africans of Buganda add, "This means that the Uganda Agreement which safeguards our land will be broken whenever the British Government likes."

Some form of consultation of African opinion, however unsatisfactory such an *ad hoc* system might have to be, would surely put an end to criticisms in England and genuine alarm in other African colonies.

AN OBSERVER IN UGANDA

TITO AND STEPINAC

SIR,—*The Times* printed the other day a photograph of President Tito smiling genially as he met a deputation of the Yugoslav Bishops. This deputation included Bishop Aksamovic of Djakovo, "under whose leadership," says Mr. Baerlein, "there took place one of the biggest mass conversions of Serbs." Are we to conclude that he has been forgiven? Or that President Tito does not know what Mr. Baerlein knows? Or why is Bishop Aksamovic not in prison, instead of being received by the President? It is not that the President is reluctant to put Bishops in prison; the Bishop of Mostar is in prison at the moment. It seems to me that the record of Bishop Aksamovic cannot be so black as Mr. Baerlein would have us believe.

At any rate, he, and all the other Catholic Bishops at liberty in Yugoslavia today, give President Tito their full support—if that is a reasonable way to describe their relationship with him. If it is not a reasonable way to describe that relationship, then it is not reasonable to use the same phrase to describe the similar relationship of Archbishop Stepinac with Pavelic during the war. Archbishop Stepinac called on Pavelic; the present Bishops call on President Tito. The present Bishops strongly criticise the present regime, but so did Archbishop Stepinac strongly criticise the war-time regime. I am sorry to find Mr. Baerlein complaining that I only mentioned one occasion on which he denounced the "mass conversions". I should be happy, did your space permit, to supply a list of the other occasions, spread through the whole of the period concerned. One of them happens to refer to the massacre at Glina in May, 1941. Mr. Baerlein mentioned this particular massacre in your issue of January 10, apparently not knowing that it was the subject of the letter of protest which Archbishop Stepinac addressed to Pavelic on May 14 of that year.

Not in any sense whatever was the Catholic Church as such responsible for the persecution of the Orthodox Serbs. The Catholic Bishops took the only course open to them to relieve the position of the designated victims, when religion was made the test of what was really a racial persecution by the Croat State. Much the same thing happened in Hungary, where many Jews sought reception into the Catholic Church as a protection against the Nazis. In sheer humanity the Hungarian Bishops gave many Jews certificates

TITO SPEAKS

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WEIDENFELD and NICOLSON

saying that they were Catholics, and many Jewish lives were saved thereby. But I have not so far heard anyone attack the Hungarian Bishops for attempting the "forced conversion" of Jews

128 Sloane Street, S.W.1. MICHAEL DERRICK

SIR,—The relations of the Croatian clergy with the Ustashi party resembled those between the Irish clergy and Sinn Fein.

Undoubtedly certain priests encouraged and participated in the excesses of the party and deserved punishment. Few, if any, of these survived the fall of Pavelic's regime. Neither Mr. Bacrlein nor anyone else has any satisfactory evidence against the priests who are still being arrested. A general charge of complicity with the Ustashi is held over the heads of the entire clergy. Arrests are made apparently quite capriciously.

Mr. Skorac must have seen the Address of the Hierarchy sent to Marshal Tito last September. Perhaps your readers have not. I would refer them to the current *Tablet*.

May I invite Mr Sokorac to answer one question: does he admit that it is the policy of his party to eliminate the Christian Faith and to substitute for it a code of dogmatic atheism?

That is the root of the matter.

EVELYN WAUGH

SIR,—The facts in my letter concerning the Church in Yugoslavia were taken from *The Times* of January 9. There is here a direct conflict of evidence between a responsible newspaper and the Press Counsellor of the Embassy of the Federative People's Republic. It is one of the unfortunate aspects of totalitarian rule that such discrepancies are impossible to resolve one way or the other. Who can check the facts? Is *The Times* responsible for "an inexcusable and flagrant misrepresentation of the true position"?

GRAHAM GREENE

ABDUL GHAFFAR KHAN

SIR,—The letter of Mr. S. M. Haq on the continued imprisonment of the Abdul Ghaffar Khan makes the important statement that the "A.G.K.'s convictions were certainly not those of Pakistanis." It must not go unchallenged. Is it a confession, then, that the A.G.K. is being imprisoned for that reason? Mr. Haq cannot deny that in Pakistan there is a rising demand for the Frontier Gandhi's release, and that this signifies either that Pakistanis agree with A.G.K.'s convictions or with his right to hold them. Here is some evidence of that demand. On Nov. 15 last the Pakistan Parliament discussed a Bill to amend the Public Security Act. Mr. Shaukat Hyat Khan (member of West Punjab Cabinet after partition) said that the Bill before the House should be designated "death and detention" Bill, and that A.G.K. was being slowly killed in jail because the Chief Minister of a Province was afraid of the "guts" of A.G.K. and of the "influence that he wielded over the people."

The *Pakistan Times*, Karachi, in an editorial on Nov. 17 said:

> The mounting volume of popular protest over the continued incarceration of the ageing Red Shirt leader, A.G.K., was powerfully echoed in the Pakistan Parliament the other day when the Government's propensity to deal sternly with its political opponents came in for devastating criticism . . . one member, while strongly deprecating the description of the Red Shirt leader as an enemy of Pakistan, challenged the Government to bring anything it might have against him to light and try him in an open court. The Government's lack of response to the demand for A.G.K.'s release and its inability or unwillingness to expose its case to the searchlight of public scrutiny have naturally led people to draw their own conclusions.

The widely circulated Cairo weekly *Gil Algadid* said three months ago that "thousands of pilgrims in Mecca offered prayers for the recovery and release of A.G.K." It also said:

> A.G.K. is the unquestioned leader of 7,000,000 tribesmen who struggled against British imperialism for twenty years. After the departure of the British from India, these tribesmen demanded from Pakistan the right to determine their political future under a general plebiscite. Rejecting this demand, the Pakistan Government arrested A.G.K along with his lieutenants.

The prominent Socialist leader, Ibrahim Shukri, said: "It is hard to understand the attitude of an Islamic state like Pakistan which seeks to deprive neighbouring Muslim people of their freedom."

Orchard Lea, WILFRED WELLOCK
New Longton, Preston.

CHRISTIAN NAMES

SIR,—I may not have read all the letters in this interesting (and revealing) correspondence, but I think your correspondents have missed the deeper and wider significance of the modern use of Tom, Dick and Harry. It is a sociological phenomenon of great importance. My mother's father and mother, who were born early in the 19th century, never addressed each other by their Christian names in public; my father and mother did so very rarely. In my father's generation men nearly always called their most intimate male friends by their surnames. In the early days of the 20th century (and I expect still) if you went into a Ceylon village and asked a woman the name of her husband, she dare not pronounce it—it was taboo—all she might call him was "the father of my child." Now look at the *Radio Times* in 1953. In the Light Programme practically every performer is Tom, Dick or Harry, not Thomas, Richard or Henry, and in the Home Programme quite a number are promoted or demoted to nicknames; in the Third Programme they are all Thomases and Richards. The sociological significance is that the B.B.C. (and others) feel that it pays to be matey where entertainment is big business. If Dick sings a silly song badly, we shall still love him—he is "your" Dick—and "*Your* questionmaster is. . . ." The other day a Labour M.P. said to me of another Labour M.P.: "He has never done as well in the party as he should because he is one of those people who can't call everyone by his Christian name." To explain this adequately, one would have to go deeper into economics and democracy, but the habit of strangers calling Miss Raine Kathleen is part of the same trend, as indeed is the humourless and arrogant assumption of one of your correspondents that it is humourless and arrogant of Miss Raine not to like it.

Rodmell, Sussex. LEONARD WOOLF

SIR—

Dear Kathleen Raine, though we haven't yet met,
I worship your verse and we'll all be upset
If you don't come on Tuesday—I'm giving a do
At the Cri. at ten-thirty and asking a few
Sister souls to drop in while I read one or two
Of my poems out loud—Do you think you could take it?
There'll be lashings of bubbly, so do try to make it.
Tom and Aldous and Clive will be staying to eat
—They all like my stuff and I'd like you to meet,
There's Cyril and Raymond and Desmond and Alan
All longing to know you, and Wystan and Dylan
Are coming on later with Louis and Stephen
And Christopher too. I think I might even
Get Ronnie and Evelyn and Graham and Eddy
To come for a moment or two. I've already
Got 'Shaiah and Maurice, Augustus and Boris
And Jacob and Lucian and Francis. The bore is
John's stuck up at All Souls and Dadie at King's
But Peter Q's coming. I hope Jamie brings
His guests on from dinner. I'm asking Odette
If Jean-Paul and Simone can come. Don't forget
I've asked Ben and Philip as well, and I'll go all
Out to get Sashie, both Osberts and Noel.
Christopher S. will drive John and his lodger
Rex will bring "Betch" and Roy's getting Roger.
Angus and Harold and Edith and Vita
Are all packing into Rose's four-seater.
I hope you get along well with Margot and Freddie,
And Larry and Vivien and Nika and Teddy.
Clem, Tom and Nye are arriving with Rab,
Clarissa and Jenny are sharing a cab.
Winston and Max may be late, which is tricky,
Bringing Leolia and Molly, Edwina and Dicky.
But Somebody Special—Sssh! Tight as a clam!
Is arriving at Twelve! Don't forget to say "Ma'am!"
It's Liberty Hall, but oh, please don't be late
(May I say Kathleen? or Katy? . . . or Kate?? . .)
Do try and come! The Republic of Art
Flings wide its portals and wider its heart—
Walk in! We love you and languish to show it,
And thanks in advance from

A STRUGGLING YOUNG POET

WELLER AND BOSWELL

SIR,—May I point out a further piece of evidence to support Mr. H. Wallace Hill's contention that Dickens read Boswell prior to writing *Pickwick Papers*?

Those familiar with *Pickwick* will recall Sam Weller's story of the man who was passionately fond of muffins.

Boswell records a suspiciously similar anecdote. (Writing from a hospital bed, I am obliged to quote from memory.) His version tells of a "Mr. B. who had an inordinate liking for buttered muffins, resolved to shoot himself. Accordingly he ate half a dozen muffins before shooting himself, knowing that he would not be troubled with indigestion."

D. BURNARD

SQUEERS AND GOLDSMITH

SIR,—Mr. H. Wallace Hill's comparison between Jingle and Captain Irwin suggests a further comparison with Goldsmith, a contemporary of Boswell. Most of us would regard the description of Mr. Squeers as having "but one eye, and the popular prejudice runs in favour of two" to be pure Dickensian, but it is lifted almost word for word from "The Rivals," where Captain Absolute tells his father that in his opinion "though one eye may be very agreeable, the popular prejudice has always run in favour of two."

In the same play Fag says to Captain Absolute, "I was sly, sir—devilish sly!" a remark which has surely become the prescriptive property of Major Bagstock.

Dickens, through his great interest in the theatre, would be well acquainted with Goldsmith's works, and indeed, in responding to a toast at a dinner in New York in 1842, he said that he regularly used his plays as a "bed book."

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Books in General

To the mass of English people the Bible was what the Greek and Latin classics used to be to the educated, and to all it was the main stream that fed our imagination and moral sense for centuries. In the present abeyance of religious faith, we are told that a new generation has grown up in ignorance of the Bible; the rejection also can be said to correspond with the end of humanism and the disappearance of the belief in the kind of individualism which has dominated our society since the Renaissance and the Reformation. (We owe our Bible first to the translation of Erasmus.) A generation that has not read the Bible will find a great deal of English literature, and especially poetry, incomprehensible and they will be obliged to pick up their references painfully as they go along, as those of us who have no classical education have to do when we meet classical allusions; but I think the decline in Bible reading has been exaggerated. The Bible is read in schools and sceptism has led to some improvement in the teaching.

The excesses of Bible Christianity are partly responsible for the decline of Bible reading. The fundamentalists, the modern sects which pick out texts ("the correlative Scripture") on behalf of their dogmas, the disastrous influence of people like Moffat who turned poetry into the kind of discoloured prose useful to committees, have turned Scripture into farce, and literature into a bore. The glories of the Authorised Version which had become the written ritual of Protestantism, were turned to fustian by the sects, and not all the dramatic genius of Nonconformity nor all the noble reserve of the Church of England, could retrieve one from the sense of floundering in an ethical and historical muddle. A little more anthropology and a good deal less light would have been an advantage. I reckon most of the hours I spent on the Bible in my childhood as oppressive and miserable. They were excessive and intellectually wasted. I was not taught at all and I had no notion of what the early half of the Old Testament was about until I read Thomas Mann's learned Biblical history—books like *Joseph and His Brethren*. One learned, indeed, more from the Jew than the Christian. That the Bible has also put a strain on the English imagination is certain; it is extraordinary to watch the struggle of humble pious minds contorting themselves in the attempt to find some relationship between the barbarous habits of a group of primitive nomads, their arrogant propaganda and their exotic capacity for sin and remorse, and the anxious life of the modern industrial suburb. On the other hand, the strange conflict has enriched the inner life with a bizarre poetry. If it is grotesque in a Jehovah's Witness, it is superb in Carlyle.

It is hard to know how the reader of the present day is affected by the archaic language of the English Bible. Some of its religious authority must lie in the hieratic language of the Elizabethan and Jacobean translators. The "sayeths," the "wouldsts" and "shouldsts" have given a priestly remoteness and command to the words. Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century English has become, indeed, the Latin of Protestants, excellent to the ear, a torture to the eye. Contemporary translators have rebelled against these archaic forms and they have been stimulated by newly found manuscripts, especially in the revision of the New Testament. The editors of the new American Revised Standard Version, a scholarly, authoritative and sensitive rendering, point out also the big changes in English meaning: "tempt" may mean "test"—Jesus was "tested" not "tempted" by the Pharisees—"prevent" used to mean "precede," "allow" meant "approve"; "comprehend" meant "overcome," "communicate" meant "share"; "take no thought" meant "don't be anxious." To amend the King James Bible in this sense is no crime; and usually it is habit that is shocked by the changes, not taste. The real danger is that in finding the more accurate reading, poetry may be turned into prose, mysticism into ethics. Taking out the "wouldsts" and "shouldsts" restores euphony and adds directness; but "thee" and "you" still have their old difficulty. When we read

> A thousand may fall at your side
> Ten thousand at your right hand
> But it will not come near you

we feel the loss of authority.

"A thousand shall fall at thy side" is more fearful and dramatic. And in being addressed as "thou" we feel the soul is being addressed; the "you" is the ordinary self-interested man looking out for his party privileges. No doubt the Bible, some of whose books are racial propaganda which Christian mysticism refined on, had the narrower intent. In some renderings this American edition seems to me superior to the Authorised Version or, at any rate, makes a poetic virtue of directness.

> The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hastest to his place where he arose. The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about to the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits.

Here is the American Revised Standard Version:

> The sun rises and the sun goes down
> and hastens to the place where it rises.
> The wind blows to the south,
> and goes round to the north;
> round and round goes the wind
> and on its circuits the wind returns.

It is no doubt a matter of taste, but I prefer the latter.

The research of the last century particularly encourages retranslation of the Four Gospels and the Penguin version done by Mr. E. V. Rieu† goes a long way towards a modified contemporary idiom. It is pleasant to read the Gospels as a normally printed book and Mr. Rieu's version has marked virtues. The Gospels, it is now decided, were written in a spoken Greek, not in a literary tongue, and his translation has the great merit of natural directness, clarity and strength. The soft, blurred and even morbid Jesus we remember from the traditional Gospels was partly the creation of an archaic English with which we were fundamentally out of touch. In Mr. Rieu's translation he is clear, bold, real, decisive, even abrupt. His wit and his experience are defined, not shaded off. There is greater speed. Jesus has the immediate strength of a poet where before he seemed to be "the pale Galilean," though the toneless voices of the clergy, with their rather superior melancholy, may be responsible for an impression which does not really come from the prose. Here are two passages which will indicate some of the virtues and defects of Mr. Rieu's manner:

> Then he called the people to him again and said: "Listen to me, all of you, and understand. There is nothing external to a man which by entering him can defile him. On the contrary, it is what comes out of a man that defiles him."
>
> When he had gone indoors, away from the crowd, his disciples questioned him about the parable. "You too? So dull?" he said to them. "Do you not see that nothing that enters a man from outside can defile him, since it enters his stomach, not his heart, and passes out in the privvy." And he went on: "It is what comes out of a man that defiles him. It is from within, from men's hearts, that evil thoughts emerge."
>
> Jesus cried out at them: "O faithless generation! How much longer must I be with you? How much longer must I bear with you? Bring him to me."
>
> They brought him, and no sooner did he see Jesus than the spirit rent him. He fell to the ground, and writhed there, foaming at the mouth.
>
> Jesus asked his father: "How long has this been happening to him?"
>
> "It began when he was a child," said his father. "And what is more, it has often driven him into the fire and into the water in order to destroy him. But if you can do anything, have pity on us and help us."
>
> "*If* I can?" said Jesus. "Everything is possible for one who has faith."
>
> The father cried out at once: "I *have* faith. Help me where it fails."

What has been lost, alas, is the most poignant familiar line of the passage: "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief."

As can be seen, Mr. Rieu has not gone far from the text we know. Our main criticism is the uncertainty of the contemporary touch. He does not avoid the elementary danger of the contemporary cliché, and he mixes it with an archaic word: Jesus "*promptly* said," Jesus "*swung* round," "*How right* Isaiah was"—the last a piece of wartime slang, already half dead. There are innumerable examples of this kind of slackness: spoken English is not simple English spiced with slang, catch phrases or conventional turns of phrase. When one says that our kind of society is seeing a revolutionary rise in the virtue of the spoken word, one is not asking writers to set down the ephemeral phrases of the bus or the office; one means there is an opportunity for writers to create a new prose manner which ought not to be less carefully selected and built than were the great prose manners of the past. "Promptly besought" is not contemporary; it is muddle-headedness. And one may wonder why other archaisms are retained. Is the prose of conventional poetry so strong? What is spoken English for "a man with an unclean spirit"? Surely a madman, or an epileptic is meant. Why, if Mr. Rieu objects as he does, to "Make ready wherewith I may sup," does he write "First let the children have their fill"?

These are not pettifogging criticisms, for they

* *The Holy Bible.* REVISED STANDARD VERSION. *Nelson.* 30s.

† *The Four Gospels.* Translated by E. V. RIEU. *Penguin Books.* 2s. 6d.

point to uncertainties in the translator's mind. Mr. Rieu believes that the Authorised Version owes its greatness largely to being a translation made in a religious age. This must be true. But it is also true that it was an age in which the dramatic, bare language of Tyndale and Coverdale—which an excellent translator like Mr. E. S. Bates, in his provocative little book *Inter-traffic*, published in 1943, prefers—had begun to flower, some have thought too heavily. We can choose between Coverdale's "lechers" and the Mandarin style of the Authorised "doting paramours." Mr. Bates argued for the revision of Coverdale; and in any new translation we undertake we are likely to prefer the direct to the exotic. The enormous success of the plain Penguin translations with the mass of readers is not the success of popularisation. It is a symptom of the revolution in style which is imminent rather than actual. We are possibly moving into a period of oral culture and writers have not yet forged the appropriate style. Nor does it seem that an "irreligious" age lacks writers suited to the translation of religious literature: scholarship, technical expertness, curiosity, love of the exact, orderly and clear, have their advantages and do not connote a lack of emotion or imagination.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THEOGONY

If it was not Hesiod, it could have been his colleague—
Nine decorous gentlewomen met him in a dale;
The bees, the tawny-bodied, were rummaging in the blossoms,
And he for garlic-bulbs, to relish his porridge.
Nine miraculous Muses tweaked him there on the mouth:
"Let theogony be your theme, construct upon that thought."
"Ladies," then said that long-shanked bard. "Out of last year's comb
Men press ungrateful honey; the ultimate sweetness cloys.
For Ilion's walls lie flat now; Homer's harpstring is slackened,
And civilisation a dream among these thin-ribbed hills.
The hypocausts of Crete run cold for lack of plumbing.
This is no season for dithyramb; the rich year departs."
Erato then, and her eight incorruptible sisters,
Smiled to mark his diffidence: "A bard is a die-hard,
And the Muse, a nine-lived mouser, has got her claws in your spine—"
(In a mizzle of mist departing, they tricked their violet coronets)
"—Poet, you'll never know what mustard-and-cress you've planted.
Pallas has dreamed up Athens: sing the birth of the gods."

JOHN HEATH-STUBBS

MACHINERIES OF SHAME

Decaying teeth, before they start to ache,
Set up obscure machineries of shame,
As if the mind were fool enough to take
This, and the soul's corruption, for the same.

This is to make debility a crime.
So, too, a mere discomfiture can start
A blush as hot as, at another time,
A black place in the mouth or in the heart.

And justly, too. Guilt, sleeping in the cell,
Sparks out upon the throwing of a switch.
If sins can do it, blunders serve as well,
And jumping nerves can make a conscience twitch.

DONALD DAVIE

SENATOR VANDENBERG

The Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg. Edited by ARTHUR VANDENBERG, Jnr. *Gollancz.* 25*s.*

The eminent politician who journeys to Damascus is rarely accorded the honours of Saint Paul. Yet these honours have been showered on Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg, the senior Senator from Michigan. Vandenberg saw the light on Dec. 7, 1941, when he was just under sixty. Until then he had been a rock-ribbed isolationist; but Pearl Harbour and contact with Hoyt S. Vandenberg, his young nephew who was later to become chief of the Air Staff, turned him into the most prominent Republican exponent of America's role as the leader of the Western Alliance. It was he who led the Republican Party into support first for the United Nations Charter at the San Francisco Conference, and then successively for the Truman doctrine, Marshall Aid and the Atlantic Pact. Asked what role the future historian would attribute to Vandenberg in the evolution of American foreign policy, Walter Lippmann characterised the man and his career in a brilliant paragraph:

> We do not any of us like to change our minds, particularly in public. And when we have taken a public stand, we tend to be stuck in it. Once an issue has been fought over a long time, most of us are too proud and too timid to be moved out of our entrenchments by reason and evidence alone. Nothing, then, is likely to change quickly, and in time before it is too late; the minds of a whole people accept a collision with the brutal facts and being run over by them—as in Pearl Harbour. But when a sudden and tremendous change of outlook has become imperative in a crisis, it makes all the difference in the world to most of us to see a man whom we have known and trusted, and who has thought and has felt as we did, going through the experience of changing his mind, doing it with style and dash, and in a mood to shame the devils of his own weakness.

James Reston adds a little to Lippmann's analysis:

> He did not change the American people. He made a tentative public confession, and the American people, by their response to his speech, changed him. What he did was merely to express and symbolise their change and then stick single-mindedly to the action necessary to implement their will.

This action was concentrated into just over four years from January 10, 1945, when Vandenberg made his "Damascus speech," until the summer of 1949 when the Senate approved the North Atlantic treaty by 82 votes to 13. During this brief but critical period he had constructed the bi-partisanship without which there would have been no American leadership of the free world. He had also released the Republican Party—or a large part of it—from the chains of a self-defeating doctrine, and thereby rendered possible the election of Eisenhower as President.

In *The Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg* we can follow the story of this achievement in the greatest detail. Edited by his son, who was his most intimate political collaborator, it is chiefly the work of two distinguished American journalists, Mr. Morris and Mr. Steele. It is a paradox, that, whereas in so many directions the U.S.A. is stifling freedom of thought, there is no other country in the world where contemporary history is written with such conscientious candour and freedom. In Britain the historian and the biographer are increasingly crippled by limitations on the use of State documents. In America (as the Hopkins Papers, the Forrestal Diaries and many other similar publications show) such limitations are almost non-existent. The few who will take the time off from skimming newspapers for reading books have no excuse for not knowing what really happened in the White House, on the Pentagon and on Capitol Hill.

American readers of this book will be chiefly interested to follow the stages of the Senator's conversion, and to study the bi-partisan discussions with Mr. Lovett which led up to the Vandenberg Resolution and the Atlantic Pact. For British readers, however, the most noteworthy passage in *The Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg* are the seven pages (359-365) which reveal the political conditions which Vandenberg laid down as the price for his support of Marshall Aid to Britain.

Here are the facts. In the summer of 1947 Mr. Marshall had just made his Harvard speech and Mr. Bevin had responded by calling the first conference in Paris. It was at this moment that Vandenberg, who was Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, first learnt of the existence of a top secret wartime agreement between the U.S.A., Britain and Canada on the control of atomic energy. This agreement had been negotiated at Quebec, but it is typical of Roosevelt's relations with his Cabinet that Mr. Forrestal, the Minister of Defence, had not heard of its existence until Senator Hickenlooper came to tell him about it in 1947. Under its terms the U.S.A. could only use the atom bomb with explicit British consent. Hickenlooper and Vandenberg consulted together and in November, 1947, told Mr. Truman, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Forrestal that the Quebec Agreement was "unthinkable." They also pointed out that they had learnt with alarm that since the war Britain had been acquiring huge quantities of Belgian uranium from the Congo for her own atomic research. Vandenberg and Hickenlooper finally told Truman that:

> failure to revamp the agreements would have a disastrous effect on Congressional consideration of the Marshall Plan. Noting that discussions with the British and Canadians on reviving the wartime agreements were to begin shortly they said that a satisfactory conclusion must be reached before final action on the Marshall Plan programme.

What was the result of this abrupt intervention? On this point the Vandenberg Papers are quite unequivocal. Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin were informed by the American administration that Britain would get no Marshall Aid unless the British Government surrendered its veto on the use of the A-bomb and released sufficient Belgian uranium to satisfy the Americans. Apparently, Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin accepted this ultimatum. For the Vandenberg Papers state "in January, 1948, agreement was reached with Britain and Canada in Washington to remove the restriction on the use of the bomb. As a result the final decision for the use of the bomb was left in the hands of the President, as specified by American control legislation. The Washington meeting also assured the United States of more adequate ore supply."

We had to wait for the publication of the Forrestal Diaries to learn the surprising story of how the Labour Government, at the time of the Berlin airlift, agreed to the American A-bomb bases in Norfolk. Now we learn from the Vandenberg Papers that six months previously, in order to facilitate the passage of Marshall Aid through the Senate, the British Government had explicitly released the American administration from its wartime pledge to accept a British veto on the use of the bomb. So far we have learnt this extraordinary story bit by bit from successive American publications. It is surely time that lips on this side of the Atlantic were unsealed and we were told the British version of what happened.

The Private Papers of Senator Vandenberg contains nothing else as sensational as this story. Unfortunately, though he started life as a journalist and edited the local Great Rapids paper for twenty years before he entered the Senate, Vandenberg was a dull diarist and letter-writer and a florid orator who rarely coined a telling phrase. All the same, the whole of this long book is worth careful study by anyone interested in the growth of American bipartisanship and the role of the Senate in the making of foreign policy. British foreign policy is made in the Foreign Office and the Cabinet: Parliament and the individual M.P. very rarely influence its formation. Vandenberg's career shows the extraordinary power that the individual Senator can exert in the U.S.A.

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Collected Poems. By J. P. ANGOLD. *Peter Russell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Elements of Death. By JOCELYN BROOKE. *Hand & Flower Press.* 1*s.*

Lowland Scots (which I think should be the English phrase for what in Lowland Scots is called Lallans) is a language, not a dialect, though I am not sure that it is a language which anybody today speaks; it has its own dialects, many of these, like Buchan or Shetland, as far from literary Scots as Yorkshire is from literary English, and people do speak these. It is a language, not a dialect, precisely in that it is literary; a writer in Scots can draw not only on folk-song and ballad but on the elaborate verbal art of Dunbar and Henryson and the considerable sophistication even of Burns. There is not (or not to anything like the same extent) a prose tradition, for political reasons, and that is why perhaps nobody today speaks correct Scots: in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, for purposes of religion and politics, Southern English swallowed up Scots rather as North French had swallowed up Provençal. But the modern revival of Lowland Scots poetry is no more a fad than similar revivals of, say, Catalan, Galician, and Provençal poetry. Such revivals have their roots in a new regional self-consciousness that comes from a seeking of health in local soil at a time when larger orders (and dominant diffused languages like Anglo-American, North French, or Castilian) may seem to be undergoing a sort of disintegration.

After Hugh McDiarmid, Mr. Sydney Smith is the most distinguished recent reviver of the Lowland Scots tradition. He lacks Mr. McDiarmid's wide-ranging curiosity and gnawing dissatisfaction with the world; in compensation he expresses personal emotions—particularly the exultant and despairing emotions of a casual but passionate amorist—with more intensity, and he has a more lively feeling for traditional modes than Mr. McDiarmid has shown in his recent rambling effusions. The lyrics in *So Late Into The Night* are slight, simple, and direct; no poems here have the complex irony that marked Mr. Smith's earlier *Under the Eildon Tree.* But directness, simplicity, and even slightness are appropriate qualities of the short lyric, and in the English literary language as it stands today almost nobody in fact can write that sort of lyric. It is easy to quote effective passages from Mr. Smith:

> The nicht is far spent,
> I hae heard the chime o three,
> At my side my dearest luve
> Sleeps like a bairn. Sleep on, my wee,

and to suggest that translated literally into English they would appear trite and sentimental, or would fall flat down. But that is a criticism of the scope of modern literary English, not of Mr. Smith: the English poet has no homely direct phrases to hand, like "my wee," that express tender emotion without mawkishness, and would have to paraphrase "my wee" as: "As you lie asleep in my arms here, I think you less lover than child." It is partly because they do, in this way, keep alive a language for basic or primary sentiments, as more cosmopolitan idioms do not, that the modern revolt in many parts of Europe of the oppressed regional languages has cultural importance.

Mr. Rexroth's new long poem points that moral; it *is* written in the diffused Anglo-American that is our common idiom, and is choca-bloc with cultural references. Some of the most impressive passages, indeed, as in Mr. Rexroth's earlier *The Phoenix and the Tortoise*, are simply chunks from writers so various as Marx and McTaggart, broken down into short lines of syllabic blank verse. The tone and manner—the book is a poetical travel diary of a year's tour of Europe—are the rather sour ones of Mr. Edmund Wilson's *Europe Without Baedeker*; there is even an agreement between these two American visitors that our London prostitutes are terrible and wonderful. The London section, particularly if you can guess who is being referred to where, is very pungent: it is also, I should say (Mr. Rexroth, a Californian anarchist, seems to have felt most at home here in the Club Suisse and the Gargoyle) silly and ill-mannered to a degree. Of regional writers in London (of Mr. MacNeice, Mr. Dylan Thomas and Mr. W. S. Graham, say) we are told:

> The Irish are not considered
> Human, the Scotch and Welsh subject
> To worse chauvinism than
> Can be found in the deep South.

Flipping over to the French section, I find that Mr. Rexroth has his own chauvinisms, too: the school of Paris has had it, and the new grass roots of painting are in Seattle. Mr. Rexroth compares his own approach to that of Mark Twain, and I think this is fair enough: his complacent diatribes about our poor old battered continent are entertaining but boorish.

Mr. Birney falls somewhere between these two stools. A leading Canadian poet, he is consciously reacting against the overwhelming influence of the United States on his country's culture and trying to build up a regional tradition. His title poem, a satirical dramatic fantasy, builds up the background of Vancouver: the first explorers, the exploited Indians, a racy old bar-keeper from pioneer days. It is a little too folksy to be genuinely folk, and I doubt if its satire on Vancouver's modern commercial prosperity will really rile the prosperous. Vancouver is threatened with destruction by supernatural powers but saved because a typical housewife—a kind of Canadian Mrs. Dale—says after all she likes the place. Sincerity in Mr. Birney's work, seems to struggle with slickness. He is a thorough liberal, but a poem, for instance, against anti-Semitism—

> A certain curvature of nose
> Can find a campus elm allergic
> Some tint of skin or name or clothes
> some breath or gesture thaumaturgic
> can set the roofs of suburbs leaking—

seems unconsciously a little infected with the attitude it attacks: Jewish "differences" are noticeable chiefly if people are bent on noticing them. Mr. Abse, for instance, even though Mr. Rexroth does describe London as a sick city of spider monkeys, does live in a society in which he can take his Jewish heritage for granted as part of the tradition that enriches him and ourselves. In a poem on Soho he uses Esau and Delilah as archetypal figures in a way a Gentile poet also might. He handles easily a fluent long line—

> There never was silence for you, and thus you
> owned no true religion—

thus gaining poise at the expense of concentration; but I think this a promising volume, and the human attitudes behind it sane. I must be briefer about the other two. Mr. Angold, who was killed in the R.A.F. during the war, was a *New English Weekly* poet, influenced by Ezra Pound's hatred of usury but not by his poetic techniques. What he gained by technical independence, he perhaps lost by not participating in the 1930s in a common idiom. He seems sincere but stilted:

> Anguish by anguish frozen to the Moon,
> The Tragic Mask of adamantined woe

Is it capital letters or the Miltonic "adamantined"?—but however it is, the "grand style" is there referred to rather than achieved. Mr. Brooke, in his pleasant pamphlet, seems to derive from the more sensitive and melancholy aspects of the Georgians:

> Wolfsbane with dusky hood
> In the drenched woodland lours,

or

> The wind like a prying bailiff
> Explores with restless fingers
> Each empty, desolate room,

He has, as these quotations show, a notable quiet skill, but one misses the range and humour of his prose.

G. S. FRASER

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

A Dean's Apology. By C. A. ALINGTON. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Far Have I Travelled. By DOROTHY WELLESLEY. *James Barrie.* 16*s.*

A Dutchman at Large. By JOHAN FABRICIUS. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Memoirs of a Veterinary Surgeon. By REGINALD HANCOCK. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

People who feel impelled to confide their life history to the public do so for a variety of reasons. Only a very few find literary material of a high order in their own lives; most autobiographers are not looking for it. If they are good writers, their lives have probably passed, by innumerable small transmutations, into their books already. If they are not, good material is wasted on them. Yet every autobiography must have at least a motive, and it is sometimes instructive to try to uncover it.

Dr. Alington's aim is never for a moment in doubt. Sometime Dean of Durham and before that Headmaster of Eton, he is of the type of devout but completely unmystical Christian who has, ever since its establishment, been the backbone of the Church of England. He loves the Church and finds her wholly sufficient for his needs. More, he is astonished by the great and increasing numbers who seem able to do without her, and is impelled to set down the life-story of his faith, rather than the story of his life, because he feels that so gentle and reasonable a chronicle cannot fail to be persuasive. And persuasive it certainly is, to the mind that responds to gentle good-natured reasoning, and has no taste for either close philosophical argument or emotional conversion. Dr. Alington clearly possesses the religious temperament, and has been singularly happy in his career both as schoolmaster and cleric. He was influenced, certainly, by the remarkable

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Churchmen with whom he early came in contact (especially Gore, Henson and Temple), but one has the feeling that he would have arrived, eventually, at his present position of calm conviction if he had never met them. In the same way one suspects that the argument on which he bases his belief in God is entirely secondary to that belief; a well-conceived rationalisation of a firm and supporting faith that was always, for that temperament inevitable. Briefly, his argument rests on a consideration of man's nature and his mysterious virtues, especially that unselfish love which inspires his self-denials and self-sacrifices. On the evidence of this love Dr. Alington deduces the existence of God; a God, moreover, who fits perfectly into the Christian framework and into the Anglican canon. His development of this theme, against the lightest and least obtrusive of personal backgrounds, is gently and attractively done. It has not been Dr. Alington's intention, really, to talk about himself, but about something which he conceives to be infinitely more important.

Dorothy Wellesley's motive, by contrast, is intensely personal. She is not at all concerned to present herself as Duchess of Wellington, but to evoke and preserve the peculiar atmosphere and influences which have made her life, above all, a poet's. A passionate egoism, perhaps essential to all poets, gives her disjointed narrative an odd kind of innocence and detachment; she sets down page after page of her own childhood verses as though quite indifferent to their effect upon the reader, so intent is she on pinning down the most fugitive butterfly of recollection. All poetry exerts its spell on her, though the poetry of place is the most powerful. Sandbeck and Lumley Castle, where she was brought up, Constantinople where she lived as a diplomat's wife, India and Persia which provided profound experiences, her own house, Penns in the Rocks, for which she conceived an almost hallucinated passion—all contribute more vividly than any human personality to a record which is sometimes detailed and subjective, sometimes as laconic and uncommunicative as a schoolgirl's diary. Over all her journeys hangs a feeling of frustration. She would have liked to be a great traveller or explorer, but being not sufficiently "robust or courageous," was content to be a poet. "Content," though, is not at all the right word. This book might almost be taken as an attempt to explore a particular sensitive mind's incurable discontent.

Major Hancock's is one of those engagingly unpretentious autobiographies which are less about the writer than about an interesting and little-known profession. He is a distinguished veterinary surgeon, and he writes simply and well of a life's work which has been hard and useful, sometimes rewarding, often horrifying. Since the last war, when his importance to the national economy was first realised, the veterinary surgeon has been on his way up in the world. Like the doctor before him, he has been promoted from the back-door to the front, and his profession has changed out of recognition within living memory. It is not a profession for the squeamish, but it offers such opportunities of spreading new knowledge, of relieving ancient and traditional suffering, that this outspoken and intelligent book may well make converts among young men who had previously set their ambitions on more conventional branches of medicine. (He has, incidentally, some pointed things to say about the present official policy of stamping out tuberculosis in cattle, and the barbarism of Jewish methods of slaughter.)

Then, there is Mr. Fabricius's book, a light, readable, extrovert account of a pleasantly successful and adventurous life. Mr. Fabricius is a popular novelist in his native Holland, and has a considerable following here. He has lived here and there about the world, in Java, China, Capri, Hollywood, and made a good thing of it; and his not unreasonable conclusion is that since he has found it all amusing, the reader will find it so too. Well, so it is, in a mild way, and pleasantly illustrated by the author with little drawings. Not, perhaps, a book to read right through, unless one considers it wasteful to skip a book that costs a guinea; but a very suitable one for a journey of the duration of, say, London to Middlesbrough.

MARGARET LANE

NEW NOVELS

The Loved and the Unloved. By FRANÇOIS MAURIAC. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
The Fair Bride. By BRUCE MARSHALL. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Jefferson Selleck. By CARL JONAS. *Cape.* 15*s.*

There are signs that M. Mauriac himself feels that his latest novel is not wholly a satisfactory production, for he returns in a postscript to the self-questionings that prompted his *Dieu et Mammon*. How, as a devout Catholic, can he justify the fiction he writes? His novel depicts "mankind as warped, as showing to the world a mask fixed in a hard and hateful grimace." What could he say if a priest wanted to know how he reconciled "so distorted a view of the human animal" with the faith he claims to have in his vocation of sanctity? He decides that he "must resign himself to pleading no better an excuse than that of 'vocation'": he was born into the world to write.

Now it happens that many non-Catholic admirers of M. Mauriac, who believe the author of *Thérèse*, *The Knot of Vipers* and *A Woman of the Pharisees* is a great novelist, will react to *The Loved and the Unloved* in much the same way as his imaginary priest. Of course, one grants him the right to follow his vocation; the real trouble with *The Loved and the Unloved* is that it forces one to ask what has gone wrong with it. And the short answer is that whereas M. Mauriac once wrote novels, he now writes scenarios for novels. The original title of his new book was *Galigai*. Galigai, it seems, was burned as a witch in 1617: "My only magic," she declared, "was that to be found in the power of the strong-minded over the weak." M. Mauriac's Galigai is a governess, Madame Agathe, who is ferociously in love with a young usher, Nicolas de Plassue. He is younger than she, her social inferior, and finds her physically repellent. In order to get him, she disobeys her employer, bribes his mother and acts as pander to his best friend where her own pupil is concerned. She doesn't get him, because, as Mauriac tells us in his postscript, unwittingly she reveals to Nicolas "that in truth he does not love anyone but God."

Even relentlessly synopsised, this is obviously genuine Mauriac. Why then is one no more moved by it than one is by, say, an Erskine Caldwell story of the goings-on of poor Whites way down in Georgia? Because, it seems to me, M. Mauriac has lost his pity for human beings. In art, moral qualities express themselves in technique. What gave M. Mauriac his greatness in novels like *A Woman of the Pharisees* was that wonderful mastery of psychological analysis that made one feel as one read that the author was truly God's familiar spy from whom nothing in the human heart, whether of good or evil, could remain hidden. In his great novels, he probed through what he calls in *The Knot of Vipers* "the rigidity of the expected attitude" to the living nerve below, to the real personal life which is so different from the assumed response. Which is why, in the great novels, one is always convinced of the permanent possibility of grace. But it is a way of writing that demands length. *The Loved and the Unloved* is at most forty thousand words long: grace enters only in the final sentence. For the rest, we have instead the delineation of the rigidity of the expected attitude and that alone; "shards and fragments," as the author himself says, "of life as it is lived in a half-dead provincial town." It is brilliantly done, but it would be pointless to pretend the result has anything like the quality or the value of M. Mauriac's work of a quarter-century ago.

In *The Fair Bride* Mr. Bruce Marshall has written his best novel for several years, partly because he has resisted his besetting sin more successfully than he normally does. A Roman

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Catholic like M. Mauriac, he is, one guesses, temperamentally of a very different type, much more akin to the jolly ones, the roaring boys who in this country before the first world war made Catholicism almost synonymous with beer. At any rate, he finds it difficult to withstand falling into a bright vulgarity aimed, presumably, at shocking us thin-blooded earnest rationalists:

> "This is on me," the Bishop said. "'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.' I once said that to Canterbury standing next him in the Athenaeum, but the old boy didn't get it: he started talking about the Uniate Churches."

It's not a very good joke; indeed, it's one that comes naturally to clever boys in fifth forms, who reasonably though wrongly think it new with them. But it's characteristic of Mr. Marshall. And significantly, it's an English bishop who is speaking: these jarringly tasteless witticisms, which kill the observed reality about them, seem to be inevitable when he is writing about Anglo-Saxons. Mercifully, there are few Anglo-Saxons in *The Fair Bride*, the scene of which is Spain during the Civil War and the hero a priest, Don Arturo, who, partly for good reasons and partly because he is a coward, goes over to the Republicans. His position with them is that of the good liberal everywhere who aligns himself with Communists; but it is complicated by the fact that he is a priest and may know the whereabouts of a holy relic useful to both sides for its propaganda value. He can escape neither torture nor his vocation, though he does finally escape the Republicans and bring the relic to Franco's troops. There isn't, it seems, much to choose between either side; there is only the Church, and as for the Church—when we first meet Don Arturo he is translating for the Bishop the notice, "Entry into the House of God is forbidden to immodestly dressed women . . ." and when we leave he is translating for another Bishop another notice: "Women, don't enter the house of God with low-necked dresses, bare arms or without stockings." This strikes one as an uncomfortably honest novel; it contains some admirable scenes of revolution and war, and Don Arturo is a character of some subtlety.

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Mr. Auden once wrote a poem called *The Unknown Citizen*, the man who "was found by the Bureau of Statistics to be One against whom there was no official complaint," and in *Jefferson Selleck* Mr. Carl Jonas has attempted a novel on the same theme. Selleck, a Middle-West manufacturer, subscribed to *Life*, *Time*, *U.S. News and World Report*, the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Reader's Digest*; he was on the county committee of the Republican Party and belonged to "the Elks, Rotary, Lions, American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Athletic Club, and the Carpe Diem Club which was a businessman's lunch club." The novel purports to be his own autobiography, with notes, emendations, amplifications by friends and members of his family. The publisher compares it to *Babbitt*, which merely goes to show how thoroughly Mr. Cape has forgotten the masterpiece he introduced to this country so many years ago. *Babbitt* represented the incursion of the spirit of Mencken's *American Mercury* into fiction: it was an all-out attack on the "booboisie." *Jefferson Selleck* represents the apotheosis of the boob; it carries with it no satirical intention whatsoever; it is delineation, humorous but affectionate, of the American way of life as lived by those least critical of it. It is much too long, but it says much for Mr. Jonas's skill that it bores as little as it does; and among a number of good passages it has one superb moment, the account of Selleck's chief political success: when he was in charge of "noise" for Senator Taft at the Republican Convention at Philadelphia in 1948. The book is worth reading for those four pages alone.

WALTER ALLEN

CARL NIELSEN

Carl Nielsen: Symphonist. By ROBERT SIMPSON. *Dent.* 21*s.*

I notice a tendency in some quarters to explain away our new interest in Carl Nielsen as a vagary of English taste. One critic went so far as to refer to the Danish master as "a Scandinavian poor relation"—of whom, do you suppose? I doubt if anyone acquainted with Nielsen's music would get there in fifty guesses—of Saint-Saëns, the most slick, polished, urbane and fashionable of composers. Nielsen, whether you like him or not, is a very different character: rustic, humorous, angry, tender, sometimes uncouth. A hob-nailed boot beside a patent leather dancing pump! It is true that the odd comparison was made *à propos* of the Violin Concerto, which is not one of Nielsen's strongest works. But the personal flavour of his music, once you become aware of it, is everywhere sharp and strong; it comes out in such a charming trifle as the *Serenata in vano*, or in the delicious "phlegmatic" movement of the Second Symphony ("The Four Temperaments"), no less than in the powerful and close-knit structures of the Fourth and Fifth Symphonies. His style is wayward, bold, mordant, endearing, unexpected; and the particular use he makes of tonal relationships as an element of large-scale design is profoundly original and important. The wonder is rather that we should have taken so long to make his acquaintance.

Now that the first five of his six symphonies are available in miniature score and on the gramophone (Nos. 1 and 3 from Decca, the remainder from H.M.V.), there is a real need for the present book. Robert Simpson is a Nielsen enthusiast, but a level-headed one; he does not feel obliged, like so many partisans, to admire everything equally. The bulk of his book is devoted to a very close analysis of the six symphonies which form the spine of the composer's life-work. These analyses are liberally illustrated with music-type, and will be enormously valuable to all students of Nielsen; in fact, they are likely to become standard and to be freely raided by programme annotators. But they are hardly intended to be read *in vacuo*, away from either score or performance. I don't mean to imply that Mr. Simpson is a dry writer: far from it; but he has not hesitated to treat in great detail the question of tonality, which (as he rightly says) is of fundamental importance in Nielsen. That he is capable of shedding a highly picturesque light on such questions can be seen in his account of the strange and wonderful opening to the Fifth Symphony. He is speaking of the "persistent wavy line" on the violas around which the tonality hovers:

> The two keys eddy round each other and the continuous viola line threads between them, for all the world like the wave of a seismograph that reacts to the tremors of earthquakes at vast distances, then settles down to its neutral uniformity.

Some readers may find such a style too picturesque; but I think the vivid manner is justified. Carl Nielsen is not, it is true, a programmatic composer in the Straussian sense; but in his later work he stages vast battles of tonality and rhythm which genuinely lend themselves to such description, because these works are all variations on one basic idea: the battle between the destructive and constructive instincts of mankind. Nielsen had no use for the over life-size Mahlerian apotheosis, which (as Mr. Simpson acutely says) was "essentially an unreal idea," nor had he the temperament to sink into the luxurious woe of the endings of Tchaikovsky's and Mahler's last symphonies. On the other hand, his attitude is as far as possible removed from facile optimism. The victory in the first movement of the Fifth Symphony is one of the most hard-fought and tremendous in all music; yet there is a kind of collapse in the later movements of his Sixth, not yet heard in England.

No doubt it was wise, if the dimensions of the book had to be limited, to concentrate on Nielsen as symphonist. Nevertheless, by so doing, the author has prevented his book from becoming the comprehensive and standard volume which it ought to be. For instance, the Holberg opera, *Maskarade*, so popular in Denmark that it is strange that Mr. Simpson hasn't managed to see it, is far too important to be polished off in a single page; and he rouses our curiosity about its predecessor, *Saul and David*, without giving us any clear impression of the nature of Nielsen's dramatic style or vocal writing: he does not even tell us for what kind of voices the two principal roles are cast. The biographical appendix, by Torben Meyer (part-author of the standard two-volume Danish work on Nielsen) contains some good stories, but conveys a less vivid impression of this evidently lovable man than we had hoped. The brief extracts from the composer's own writings are delightfully characteristic, and it is much to be hoped that *Min fynske barndom* (*My Childhood on Fyn*), said to be one of the best autobiographies in the Danish language, will soon be translated.

Mr. Simpson's study concludes with a valuable list of Nielsen's works, with details of publisher and duration; unfortunately these are arranged by date, instead of by category, so that it is often hard to find what one is looking for. *En route*, however, we come across some remarkable items: for instance, in the last three years of his life, the composer wrote three commissioned Cantatas—one for the Centenary of the Polytechnic High School, one for the 50th Anniversary of the Young Merchants' Education Association, and one for the 50th Anniversary of the Danish Cremation Union! The Index contains an entry which will delight those who collect specimens of index-maker's folly. In his analysis of the second movement of the Fifth Symphony, Mr. Simpson had remarked that "the lesson of this fugue is that panic is futile;" and this solemnly turns up in the Index as "Panic, the futility of, 99."

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FRUSTRATED ISLAND

A History of Cyprus. Vol. IV. By SIR GEORGE HILL. *Cambridge.* 70s.

Cyprus is the traditional home at once of Aphrodite and of an important non-ferrous metal —copper. Appropriately, an amalgam of wild sentiment and of hardheadedness, of nobility and of the venial is distilled from this fourth majestic volume of the late Sir George Hill's *History*. It surveys the fortunes of the island from its cession by Venice to Turkey in 1571, through the British Occupation almost exactly three centuries later, down to the moment in 1948 when the then Governor, Lord Winster, found himself faced with the proclamation of a general strike by the Cypriot Workers' Federation, as a protest against the refusal of H.M.G. to consider any change in the sovereignty of the colony.

The first century of Turkish rule seems to have been fairly lenient, but the fall of Crete in 1669 removed the last hope of a rapid Christian recovery in the Eastern Mediterranean; an almost unbroken succession of Turkish defeats from 1685 onwards, fanned an anti-Christian sentiment that had hitherto only smouldered. Governor followed Governor with bewildering speed and depressing similarity of pattern. Cyprus was being systematically milked. When locusts were not stripping the island, amid vain Christian appeals to Mount Athos for the loan of a saint's miraculous head against the pest, the Turkish tax-farmers were at their almost equally thorough work. At last the exasperated populace, Christian Orthodox and Turkish colonist alike, rose in arms. After that, the Turkish history of Cyprus is one of almost continual revolt; by 1820, the Porte would have been glad enough to be rid of the turbulent island.

It is with Beaconsfield's disreputable yet ingenious feat of legerdemain which gave us Cyprus in 1878, that this book takes on a general as distinct from a special interest. *Enosis*, the movement for union with the Greek mainland, and high strategy, are the two problems that dominate the seventy-five years of British rule. *Enosis*, as Sir George Hill rightly points out, is primarily a sentimental movement, Byzantine in origin. No use arguing that even in the time of Aeschylus Cypriots were regarded by Greeks as "aliens"; for them it is enough to speak Greek and to practise the Orthodox faith.

Nevertheless, it is at least arguable that *Enosis* is in the higher interests neither of Cyprus, Greece nor the West. The survival of Greece itself, with Russian-controlled Albania and Bulgaria pressing down upon her from the North, depends upon the survival of British power in the Eastern Mediterranean. We are likely to be expelled before long from the Canal Zone; our unfortunate Egyptian experience suggests that any bargain with Greece giving us military bases against a cession of Cyprus must end in tears; there seems to be no alternative between keeping Cyprus in British hands and a collapse of British power in the Levant. This might well mean Greece being absorbed into the Russian sphere of influence, and a grave risk of world war. There is also the question of the island's Turkish minority.

Yet, if Cyprus is to remain British, we must remove legitimate causes of discontent. Recent achievements—reafforestation, agricultural loans, the anti-malarial campaign, waterworks and electrical schemes, and so on—go far to offset years of neglect. But the scandal of the Tribute remains to exasperate Cypriot opinion. Space forbids a detailed account of this typical piece of Treasury pettiness; enough to say that for years the island has in practice been forced to meet the interest on an 1855 loan to Turkey which Great Britain happened to guarantee, and that the excess of the Cypriot payment over the interest due is apparently still held by the British Treasury in a special account, which they refuse to surrender to the colony. No amount of Grants-in-aid will right this wrong. When will we realise that the real destroyers of the British Empire are not damned Radicals nor Socialists, but our niggardly national accountants? Sir George Hill's final chapters should be read by all interested in decent Colonial government.

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

THE SCARECROW OF VIOLENCE

Chatham. By J. H. PLUMB. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

It was Mr. Pepys who told me the now well-known story of Capability Brown meeting Lord Chatham at Staines, they had dined together and chatted freely about Gardening, Politicks—everything: when they were going to part—says Lord Chatham—Go you and *adorn* England! Brown replies instantly—Go you and *preserve* it.

Mrs. Thrale's anecdote captures the splendid homogeneity of the English 18th century. It might also serve as an epigraph for Mr. Plumb's moving and all too brief life of Chatham, a book which emphasises a number of points generally ignored or only to be found buried in the great two-volume *Life* by the late Basil Williams. Sir Charles Grant Robertson published a short study of the Great Commoner about seven years ago and it is interesting to compare the two books. Sir Charles's is the more detailed and objective; Mr. Plumb's immeasurably the more eloquent. Take their respective accounts of the tragic two-year breakdown which caused the collapse of Chatham's second Ministry. Sir Charles cites contemporary opinion as to the statesman's crisis: how some, such as Lord George Sackville, said Chatham was mad and others that he was a malingerer, while Burke declared that he was simply "lying on his back talking fustian." Mr. Plumb provides an unforgetable vignette:

> Bouts of profound melancholia, in which he could not bear even to see his wife, alternated with acts of rash extravagance. At one time he planned to add thirty or more new rooms to his Hampstead house . . . at another he considered rasing some neighbouring houses to the ground because they interrupted his view. A chicken was always kept on the spit in case he should fancy a meal. But there were days when he sat at an upper window vacantly staring hour after hour at the widespread countryside.

Chatham is surely the most exciting of all great English statesmen. Though he is without the complexity of Disraeli, the sagacity of Salisbury or the charm of Melbourne and had none of the reserves that belonged to a Walpole or a Baldwin, his genius and achievements triumphantly carry the lack of these qualities. In the pantheon of eighteenth-century politicians, he is a strangely modern figure. He had Curzon's rigidity, Mr. Churchill's tenacity and a flair for playing the demagogue hardly surpassed by Lloyd George himself. His strength and his weaknesses were alike on a grand Roman scale. He knew everything of measures and nothing of men. He was the greatest actor of his century, save Garrick. And if one awards the palm to Garrick, it is only because he had a greater choice of parts and, within the conventions of his age, was careful never to over-act. Chatham had only two roles—one, the saviour of his country, he played in the Commons; the other, the fierce old "scarecrow of violence" croaking *delenda est Gallia*!, he played in the Lords. And even by the heightened standards of his day, Chatham over-acted all the time. He overdid both parts magnificently.

He was a manic-depressive, perhaps the completest case in history. His life swung to and fro between bursts of dæmonic energy and exhilaration and long black-out periods of despair. The greatness of the man hid his aberrations. Chatham used the gout to camouflage his real malady and would arrive at St. Stephen's swathed in flannel and propped up with crutches, the scourging Nemesis of Bedfords, Norths and Graftons. Macaulay, in his essay, seems loath to describe the statesman's last years. "The situation which Pitt occupied at the close of the reign of George the Second," he writes, "was the most enviable ever occupied by any public man in English history . . . We leave the Great Commoner in the zenith of his glory." For once the historian's dramatic sense is at fault. Mr. Plumb's book moves to a majestic and Lear-like close.

JOHN RAYMOND

SHORTER REVIEWS

Britain's Post Office. By HOWARD ROBINSON *Oxford.* 21s.

A dull book on a fascinating subject. Or perhaps that's not quite fair. Professor Robinson, who has already written a comprehensive history of the Post Office, here furnishes a brief one; he rarely colours, never beguiles; trim deployment of fact has exercised him and must satisfy us. This we discover soon enough to make our own arrangements, as it were, for enjoyment. While Professor Robinson steadily works down the years, through couriers and bellmen, packets, mail-coaches, railways, Marconigrams, and so on, we leap to meet him out of our present. The pillar-box really was once a pillar (see illustration on page 168), florally embellished, hexagonal; people started licking the backs of stamps, and liking it, about 1840; furious were the responses of early Victorians asked to make a slit in their front doors; the great battle for the Penny Post, having leant this way and that, was won, and is now lost; before Chancellors began robbing the Post Office it was the prey not only of Royalty but of two gilt figure-heads and a Secretary enormously fattened; there was even a time—in 1680—when a letter posted in one part of London would be delivered to another within the hour.

Today, the Post Office comprises not only posts, telegraphs, and telephones, but a savings bank and the issue of various money orders and licences. Not long ago it disgorged the B.B.C. It is a vast monopoly which levies a tax on anyone putting threepence in a telephone or sending a postcard, and at its head is a politician who changes according to the party in office: in 1931 four Postmasters-General came and went. Its history, as we discern it from Professor Robinson's pages, has been one of growth and profit, tampering and reform, with a few names that stand out: John Palmer, who instituted the mail-coach, Robert Wallace the campaigner for a penny post, and Rowland Hill who saw it through its difficult years of practice. The worst one can say of *Britain's Post*

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THE BODLEY HEAD

Office is that these men remain names, names with an achievement attached. And how could Professor Robinson touch upon that wonderful Post Office toy, its miniature underground railway, without even telling us what it looks like and how it works?

The English Utopia. By A. L. MORTON. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 18*s.*

Mr. Morton's interesting and rewarding idea is to pursue the political thought of this country as it was expressed in the whole course of its "Utopia" literature—fanciful and serious—from More to Orwell. Under his guidance we may visit the strangest and most wonderful of all lands—the lands of which men have dreamed. Medieval Cockaygne, where the pillars "beth i-turned of cristale, With har bas and capitale, Of grene jaspe and rede corale"; the Big Rock Candy Mountains nearby, where little streams of alcohol come a-trickling eternally down; Solyma, Puritan country, grey, unvisited, almost unknown; Macaria, Oceana, and Spensonia; better-known Brobdingnag and Erewhon; the lonely Isle of Pines, the land of the Flying Indians, and the Blazing World beyond the North Pole. And lest we should be too deeply fascinated by these wonders, Mr. Morton is at our elbow to remind us that the purpose of our tour is strictly instructional, to designate More's Utopia as "a landmark on the road to scientific socialism," and to conclude this whole survey of English political theorising with a rousing paragraph on the happy reality of Soviet irrigation.

If one quarrels particularly with Mr. Morton, it is with his habit of pointing out certain features of these literary landscapes to the complete exclusion of others. When he deals with More for example—whom with Swift and William Morris he considers at greater length—he quotes passages which show that More was a complete social realist concerning the injustice and the inequality of Tudor England. But More's true conclusions from his careful study of man and society are not brought forward. We are left merely to continue observations for ourselves. Mr. Morton has put his debatable point of view ably and intelligently on a subject which could never be dull.

England in Transition. By DOROTHY GEORGE. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.*

Most people would probably assign the Golden Age of England to the first half of the eighteenth century, the years preceding the Industrial Revolution which is commonly assumed to have degraded the worker and substituted widespread pauperism for comparative prosperity. As every schoolboy knows, it was a wonderful era of progress and wealth, of culture and good manners, when even the highwaymen were debonair Claude Duvals, and the contented country people supplemented their wages by working at the loom in their cottages after the day's field work was done.

This, Dr. Dorothy George shows us, is only one side of the picture. Out of a population of five and a half million nearly three million, including some 750,000 small farmers, lived in varying degrees of poverty that merged in the lower levels into complete destitution. Wages were so low that not only was thrift impossible but a man was assumed to be unable to support a family and poor relief, proportionate to the number of children, was customary and accepted by the worker, without question, as his right. Even if we view this merely as family allowances on a parish instead of a national plane, we can only regard as appalling its corollary—that the worker's sole way of making provision for his old age was to establish his settlement in the parish so that he could end his days in its poor-house.

The author surveys every aspect of early eighteenth-century England and shows that many of the evils attributed to the Industrial Revolution were actually in existence long before. No; after reading her admirable book we sadly realise that this was no Golden Age except for Defoe's three highest classes, "the Great, the Rich and the Middle Sort."

Botteghe Oscure X. Edited by MARGUERITE CAETANI. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The most voracious reader could not complain of being given short measure for the half-guinea he spends on any issue of *Botteghe Oscure.* This time, the French section is particularly distinguished. There is a long prose-poem by Henri Michaux, and in honour of René Char, the editorial rule that only previously unprinted work shall be published, has been suspended. Twenty of his poems are reprinted, but to justify the break with normal procedure, there are the English versions of these poems by Denis Devlin and Jackson Mathews, which appear here for the first time. The translations are given greater typographical importance than the originals, which seems a little odd; though they do read well in their own right, especially the oracular pronouncements (often strikingly Blake-like). Char's reputation in France has grown immensely since the war, and it is good that non-French readers should have his work brought to their attention, for his poetry has a rare ring of authenticity and suggests great reserves of power.

Among the short stories, those by André Dhotel, Silvio D'Arzo and Italo Calvino have the merit of being well-invented and well-told, genuine narratives rather than reveries spun by self-conscious introspectives. Giorgio Bassani's *Una Lapide in Via Mazzini* moves as slowly and tortuously as his stories always do, but his patient accumulation of detail serves an objective purpose. In comparison with the French and Italian contributions, the English and American this time seem to lack spontaneity.

Chalk in My Hair. By "BALAAM." *Benn.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Many thoughtful people have come to realise in the last fifteen years that it is one of the great liberal fallacies to expect too much from education—or at least from any educational system. A first step to getting more out of it might be to look at the process a little less romantically, approaching it without exaggerated hopes or extravagant despairs. Yet still most books on the subject are written with the passion either of enchantment or disenchantment; and it is refreshing to come across one that seems to be dictated by neither but, rather, by a cold, though far from inhuman detachment.

The anonymous author of this little book is a teacher with a variety of experience in different kinds of school, but otherwise an ordinary, every-day teacher who sets down quite honestly his feelings about his job. He admits to having no vocation and claims (rightly, one suspects) that in this he is far from being unusual among his colleagues. What he has is a job, and a peculiarly trying job at that. "I am sure," he writes, "that less nonsense would be talked about Education (the capital E is intentional) if it were more generally accepted that the people who do the educating are as ordinary as the man next door." How would the man next door react to forty or fifty kids trying to "take the mike" out of him? By slapping their heads, no doubt. And that roughly is the author's approach to the Problem of Discipline, and his approach to the other large abstracts is no less practical. Many would dub him a reactionary and not read on. They would be making a mistake. He is a realist, with the ordinary plain man's view, no worse and perhaps no better than the average. Ill-disciplined children, possessive parents, overworked headmasters—they are the average. Routine, as in most other jobs, is the rule. A system—that is its trouble—is designed for the average and worked by the average. *Chalk in my Hair* is a useful reminder of what it looks like in practice, day by day.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,197

Set by Flavus

The usual prizes are offered for a contemporary sonnet to Urania. Entries by February 10.

CORRECTION

Competition No. 1,196 set last week should have asked for ". . . comment on this situation from a Shakespearean duke, a Wildean dowager, a Gilbertian peer from *Iolanthe, or* one of Mr. Belloc's aristocratic menagerie", instead of ". . . *and* one of Mr. Belloc's aristocratic menagerie".

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,194

Set by Richard Lister.

The usual prizes are offered for half a dozen couplets embodying six New Year resolutions by any one of the following groups:—Catholic convert novelists, Ealing film producers, *Times* Fourth Leader writers, Levites (disciples of Dr. F. R. Leavis) or birch-loving magistrates.

Report by Richard Lister.

Winners were a little hard to find in the entries this week. What I had hoped for was that our various classes of practitioners would take counsel with themselves for improving and refining their respective techniques, not merely be content to reaffirm their intention to go on in the way they were already going. But the obvious predominated and judgment was exercised mainly in picking out the most neat and pointed in expression of it. The birching magistrates were the most frequently attempted, but the least successful since they had really only one resolution to make and the other five could be only variations on it. Catholic convert novelists took the second place and I could have made a good anthological set of couplets by judicious selection. I should have opened with Glenys Roberts:

> God wants my creatures. Isn't His compassion striking?
> I'll see that no one else will find them to his liking.

—and ended with M. B. Shaw's:

> Query changing for good
> To Eyre and Spottiswoode.

The Levites were bracketed last with the Ealingites. Leslie Johnson and Edward Blishen share a first prize of two guineas each; a guinea to Granville Garley, and half a guinea to Pibwob and David Jones.

THE TIMES FOURTH LEADER WRITER

> I will occasionally write a leader
> That does not postulate a Dickens reader.
>
> I won't assume, this twelvemonth, for the nonce,
> That everybody fishes, shoots or hunts.

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Company Meetings

MIDLAND BANK

LORD HARLECH ON BRITAIN'S ECONOMIC PROGRESS

The 117th Annual General Meeting of Midland Bank, Limited, will be held on Feb. 17 at the Head Office, Poultry, London, E.C.

The following are extracts from the Statement issued to Shareholders by the Chairman, The Rt. Hon. Lord Harlech, K.G., P.C., G.C.M.G.:—

The Statement begins with an account of steps taken within the Bank to ensure the maintenance of effective methods of staff recruitment, training and selection for promotion. Referring to the financial position of the Bank, extensive comment is made on the changed method of valuation of investments.

Passing to more general topics, the Statement reviews Britain's economic progress during 1952 and suggests that the position can best be assessed by bringing together the answers to four questions concerning the purchasing power of the pound, the monetary reserves, changes in production and consumption, and the flexibility of the country's industrial system.

To the first question an unqualified answer cannot yet be given. The purchasing power of the pound for imported goods has increased, but its purchasing power in the hands of the consumer has not, on the face of the figures, shown any improvement. On the whole it cannot yet be said that the course of the pound sterling, judged by its purchasing power, has been brought decisively under control.

On the second question, the drain on gold and dollar reserves appears to have been arrested; there has been a favourable turn in our relations with the European Payments Union, and the balance of payments for the first half of the year showed a small surplus. On the other hand, unless we can expect developments from the recent Commonwealth Economic Conference and from subsequent talks with the new United States administration, it seems that there is still some way to go before the pound sterling can be secure in standing on its own feet, in international relations, on the lasting foundation of "trade, not aid."

To the third question, again, no plain Yes or No can be given, for while in some important branches of industry a welcome rise in output has been recorded, industrial production as a whole has been lower than in 1951. A slight diminution has been noted also in the total volume of consumption of goods and services, but it seems unlikely that the margin available for other purposes—explicitly for re-armament and new capital construction—can have been enlarged, especially since the excess of imports over exports, visible and invisible, has been removed during the year.

Under the fourth heading some progress has been made. Within the total working population a moderate shift has taken place towards industries of highest national importance, particularly the metal trades and engineering, while the turnover of workers in those industries has declined. Many of the physical controls over supplies of materials have been lifted, and altogether the impression is of the more flexible system doing its job with rather less strain and irregularity.

Nevertheless, there is still too much evidence remaining that as a nation we are making demands on our basic resources which collectively are too large to be met in full by production at the present level. We are brought back to the source of the underlying strain in our national economy, namely persistent over-consumption in relation to real resources, reflected in over-taxation and inadequate saving and insufficient investment in productive enterprise.

Long-term World Problems

The Statement directs attention to two basic problems, well-nigh universal in their range, to which constant attention will have to be given over the next generation; these are the problems of monetary stability and of a continuing flow of capital into new development. The close relationship between these two problems is clear: thus, currency depreciation is a powerful deterrent to personal saving, which undermines the will and the desire to save; and a shortage of saving at a time when large new capital expenditure is needed is a certain generator of inflation. It is evident, too, that if this country is to hold its place in an actively competitive world and maintain even its present standards of living we shall need large-scale capital investment in new industrial enterprise as well as in the increased production of food and raw materials.

WESTMINSTER BANK

THE COUNTRY'S IMPROVED POSITION

LORD ALDENHAM'S STATEMENT

The Annual General Meeting of Westminster Bank Limited will be held on the 18th February, 1953.

In the Statement by the Chairman, circulated to Shareholders in advance, Lord Aldenham, speaking of the domestic affairs of the Bank, said that during 1952 over 900 members of the Staff had attended courses at the Bank's two principal training establishments. Early in the year a considerable part of the additional cash payments which the Staff had been receiving were consolidated into salaries, existing pensions were increased, and fresh Salary Scales for new entrants introduced. The compulsory retiring age for new entrants had been raised from 60 to 65.

Increased Profits

The accounts showed an increase in profits of £41,093 as compared with the previous year, and it had proved possible to maintain the dividend rate of 18 per cent. and also to put £600,000 to Reserves for Contingencies. It had been decided to transfer £1,000,000 from these Reserves to the Published Reserve.

The Balance Sheet as at 31st December, 1952, showed an increase of about £12½ million in Current, Deposit and Other Accounts. There had been a substantial fall in Advances, which was in accordance with the Chancellor's policy; but Bills Discounted had risen as a result of further Government short-term borrowing. The decrease in the country's overseas trade, particularly imports, was reflected in a fall in Acceptances, Endorsements, etc.

A Great Achievement

The outstanding economic event of 1952 had been the improvement in the general balance of payments of the United Kingdom, from a large deficit in the second half of 1951 to a small surplus in the first half of 1952. But the state of the gold and dollar reserve was, in fact, a more urgent matter. The loss of reserves, which was still heavy in the first quarter of 1952, had been halted by the middle of the year—a great achievement for all the member-countries of the Sterling Area.

But these improvements had been brought about by a severe curtailment of imports; we had balanced our accounts at a low level of trade, and it was at a high level that all countries, most of all this country, needed the balance to be reached.

The year 1953 might, as officially predicted, be tougher than the last; but if we wanted to ensure that future years would not be tougher still, we must make better use of our productive resources, and build up our capital equipment out of savings. By strengthening ourselves we could diminish the risk of war, but that did not depend on ourselves alone; what did depend on us was whether we had industrial peace and a full effort from all engaged in production.

Importance of the Consumer

A method of achieving that, which had not been tried for many years, would be to recognise the importance of a stable price level to the consumer—that was, to all of us. We should thus be serving the interests of the nation as a whole, as against those of any one section. If we all, as consumers, stood fast against any sectional gains at our expense, we should see the stability of wages, measured in terms of production, which we all knew was needed; and stability of wages would go far to provide stability in the cost of living.

Far too long now we have all, as consumers, been "odd man out"; employer and employed had been able to postpone industrial strife by the simple expedient of agreeing new wage levels, and thus adding to the selling price at the expense of the consumer. In the nationalised industries employers and employed certainly did not seem to have been any better able to resist the temptation to get together at the expense of the consumer than in private industry.

In contrast to that, manufacturers of many different articles of the clothing trade had wisely met what almost amounted to a consumers' strike at home and abroad during the latter part of 1951 and the early part of 1952, by a reduction in their prices; and they had earned the reward of their wisdom by seeing their sales increase in value, and still more in volume, in recent months.

"I believe too," he said, "that if all we consumers used our powers, we should be able to see that rises in profits, as well as in wages, were linked to increased and improved production. We should urge manufacturers to install new methods and new machines, and encourage them to make more profit by those means, knowing that soon other manufacturers would copy them, and that we should all benefit by cheaper costs of production. By the word 'urge,' I do not mean verbal exhortation to the manufacturers; I mean, continuous pressure on the Government so to lighten the burden of taxation on industry that enough resources are left in industry to make modernisation possible, and to give sufficient prospect of earning a net profit after taxation to make the risks of modernisation worth while."

The Americans' Part

The consumer in the United States could play a part in preventing the loss which the dollar gap caused to her as well as to us. The policy of Trade—not Aid was a sound one for America herself; but it could only be preached usefully to Americans by Americans. Our case for a lowering of American tariffs was weakened by too great a readiness on our part to lecture America on her duty as a creditor nation.

Our own first duty was to pay our debts to the United States and Canada, and it was very gratifying to us all that we were able to meet the service of these debts at the end of 1952.

If the trade of the Sterling Area could be brought into balance and the internal purchasing power of the pound maintained, we could take the next step—the freeing of sterling from exchange control. But unless we could stabilise the value of the pound inside the country, we should not be able to keep the pound free for long. The General Council of the T.U.C. had shown that it was aware of the dangers of the inflationary spiral of wages and prices. The nation must realise that wage increases without extra production were worse than ineffective.

There were several reasons why industrial production was lower in 1952 than in 1951—shortage of certain materials, failure of demand, and taxation, with its bad effect upon incentive. It was only partly due to pricing ourselves out of foreign markets, but if we did that, and failed to sell the foreigner what he wanted, we could not survive.

Saving and Taxation

The stability of the pound was closely connected with savings, and the trend of net "small savings" had again been downward during 1952. But there was a great need for more and more capital equipment per worker, and savings provided the means of re-equipment. The Government should give special consideration to the taxes upon both company and private savings when any tax reliefs became possible.

One of the tangible benefits which accrued from the recent Commonwealth Conference was the decision to launch a new Commonwealth finance corporation; but its work would depend largely on the volume of savings. Most kinds of projects which the Corporation was expected to foster would be long-term projects, which would not immediately bring in imports in exchange for exports. It was only while we had a current favourable balance of payments that the Corporation could function to the full.

Restriction of Credit

During 1952 further steps were taken to restrict credit—the raising of the Bank rate and the reduction of the surplus liquid assets of the banks by a funding operation. But it had been galling indeed to the banks to be forced to be grudging to their creditworthy customers, only to see their efforts nullified by Government spending.

During the year some advance had been made in the redistribution of manpower, and some advance made in the direction of freedom from wartime controls on commodities.

The achievements of 1952 could be regarded with great satisfaction; but we must remember that we were taking only the first faltering steps upward from an unbelievably low and dangerous position. There must be no slackening of the drive towards solvency. We should not yet think of a "breathing space."

The daily bath, the costly public school,
I will not deem to be the general rule.

I will not aim, despite the tempter's wiles,
At belly laughs in place of well-bred smiles.

When inspiration fails and memory too,
Quotation dictionaries will be taboo.

And in conclusion, having made this list,
I will not turn the subject into grist.

LESLIE JOHNSON

Comply with editorial needs;
These operate the hand that feeds.

Make sure my treatment isn't branded
As high-brow or as heavy-handed:—

But not, contrariwise, transgress
Into low-brow facetiousness.

Weed ruthlessly each paragraph,
And then blue-pencil it to half.

Originality? A touch
Of it at times, but not too much

When plagiarizing other backs
Make sure of covering up my tracks.

PIBWOR

THE EALING FILM PRODUCER

I will not eulogise the Island Race
As men devoid of passion and of grace;

The Little Man no more my idol be
For cosy, pointless eccentricity.

Those actresses from Kensington, no more
Shall travesty the manners of the poor.

I will not make the British working-class
The clockwork Cockney characters of farce.

Sam Weller accents cut with pastry knife
Shall yet belong to characters with life.

I will not jollify the life of crime;
I will NOT make the same film every time.

DAVID JONES

Eschew all whimsy
Alistair Simsy.

Employ Alec Guinness
From trailer to finis.

Never use sex,
Schizos or 'tecs.

Buy a map of the Scilly Isles
For the script writers' pending files.

Don't think *one* amusing situation
Enough for a picture's duration.

And finally, as a rather good high-brow prank,
We'll do a Technicolor life of Arthur Rank.

GRANVILLE GARLEY

THE LEVITE

This year (far from the Cam) we will
Of several classics SPEAK NO ILL:

We will (though furtively) admit
That ——— had style and ——— had wit:

Slight signs of literature we'll see
Before the ——— teenth century:

And, though ———'s long since dead, we'll strive
To feel faint hopes it might revive.

If, reading, we're by PLEASURE bit,
We'll grind our teeth and bear with it.

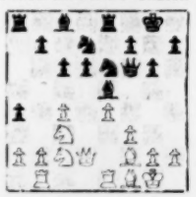
And, privately, if you insist,
We'll fill the blanks in in this list.

EDWARD BLISHEN

CHESS: Howlers of the Year

No. 174

It must be that streak of *schadenfreude* inherent in most of us that gives us such genuine pleasure whenever we see our betters come a cropper in much the same way that gives us such frequent cause for futile self-reproach; and our bliss is perfect if the victim happens to be a grandmaster or, better still, a famous annotator, unharassed by the clock. Telling a pretty story against himself, Kurt Richter recalls how both he and the German champion R. Teschner went to great lengths to prove why, in this position, the KtP was taboo for the Black Bishop. Richter's notes countered B x P by (2) R-KKt1, Q-Kt4, (3) Kt-K4, Q-Kt3, (4) Kt-Kt3, B-K5, (5) Kt-K2, B-Kt7, (6) Kt-B4, etc., and Teschner found an even more ingenious refutation of the P-snatch by (3) P-KR4, Q x RP, (4) Q-B3, B x Q, (5) R x P ch, etc. But both annotators overlooked that the P-snatch



is ruled out quite simply by (2) Q-Kt4. I found this in the new German Year Book (Engelhardt Verlag, Berlin, Frohnau) which also contains such useful data as the names and addresses of hundreds of prominent players and problemists all over the world, and a list of the 33 officially recognised grandmasters and 119 "international masters" (including Alexander, Atkins, Fairhurst, Golombek, Thomas, Wade and Winter, which seems to exclude a few other deserving British players). But to revert to the howlers (Diagram on L, Platz-Trifunovicz, 1952) —White certainly seems in an appalling mess; but he confronted his (time-troubled) opponent with quite a poser by P-K5!; Black played B x B ch, followed by B x R, and overlooking the obvious fact that after Q x B ch White must win the Q by the subsequent discovered check of the KP. Black's correct course, just as obviously, was to follow up the B-check with Q x KP, and then to answer QR-K1 with B x R and ample equivalent for the Q. (KR-K1, of course, would have been refuted by R-K7.)

To be told something like "Elementary, my dear Najdorf," must be galling for one of the world's most profound, no less than wily, grandmasters, yet it happened (Diagram on R) when Reshevsky played Kt-K2 and Najdorf blithely grabbed the poisoned QKtP, overlooking that White would simply give up the exchange and then "intern" the Q by Kt-B3.

A: Alekhine 1937

In this week's competition the usual 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black made the mistake of playing R-Q7; how did Alekhine force his opponent's resignation by two spectacular moves? As for **B**—White to draw—and **C**—White to win—they are both quite tricky and may well be underrated with 6 and 7 points respectively.

B: V. Bron 1948

C: G. Zachodjakin 1948

Usual prizes. Entries by February 9.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set January 10

A: (1) Kt-Kt6 ch, RP x Kt. (2) Kt-Q5 ch, P x Kt. (3) Q-K5 mate.
if (1) . . . BP x Kt. (2) B-Kt5 mate.

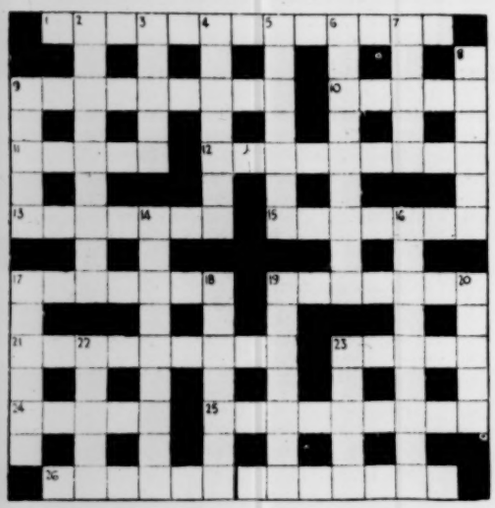
B: (1) R-KKt2, K-R4. (2) P-R4, K-R3. (3) P-R5 K-R2. (4) P-R6, K-R1. (5) P-R7 and mates next move.

C: (1) K-R6, Kt x P. (2) Kt-K3!, P-Q4. (3) Kt x P!, Kt x Kt. (4) B-K4, R-R4. (5) P-Kt7!, B x P. (6) P-Q4, B-B3. (7) B-B3, R-B4. (8) B-K4, R-R4. (9) B-B3, R-Kt4. (10) B-R1 etc.
if (10) . . . B x P. (11) B x Kt ch leads to stalemate.

Several competitors correctly remarked that in **A** moves 1 and 2 can be interchanged. The subtleties of **C** gave less trouble than I expected; many got it quite or nearly right. Prizes shared by A. R. Cormack, G. E. Crow, A. Levy, W. T. Maccall, J. M. Reid.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 33



ACROSS

1. An insect which may be worn (13).
9. Retreat for boats (9).
10. Impelled (5)
11. More subdued sailor set about me (5).
12. Holes almost filled with hidden treasure (9).
13. They do not believe hate changes the female (7).
15. Colourful displays of carpets (7).
17. Townly was a provoked one (7).
19. Appropriate feeling for the sceptre (7).
21. Controls a toboggan turning and breaking into speeds (9).
23. Wants us to be a historian, but silent (5).
24. Star hunter (5).
25. Claudia breaks up before half-term (9)
26. They give regular admission without payment in nautical scenes (6, 7).

DOWN

2. Form a circle to scan poems (9).
3. Bridge or tug? (5).
4. A reverse for 9 who embrace art to get on (7).
5. Cattle clothes (7).
6. Innumerable ladies with a 20 are not so important when widowed (9).
7. Enthusiastic in the movement to raise a German army (5).
8. Union after songs of celebration in Russia (6).
9. Collection from a club at Christmas (5).
14. Promontories make capital estates (9).
16. Cutting a ditch with a worker (9).
17. This school used to break up in the field (6).
18. Alight (7).
19. He wrote *Tancredi* (7).
20. Role played by Irving in *Hamlet* (5).
22. Easy movement of a writer a little over fifty (5).
23. It enables an animal to make long-distance communication (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 32

L	U	K	E	W	A	R	M	■	B	A	N	D	I	T
I	■	A	■	E	■	■	■	L	■	E	■	U	■	■
S	C	O	T	F	R	E	E	■	P	A	R	S	E	E
S	■	L	■	F	■	D	■	R	■	B	■	C	■	S
O	R	I	E	L	S	■	R	E	P	A	I	R	E	D
M	■	N	■	E	■	E	■	S	■	M	■	I	■	A
■	■	■	P	R	I	N	C	I	P	A	L	B	O	Y
A	■	E	■	■	D	■	G	■	■	E	■	S	■	■
D	I	S	A	P	P	O	I	N	T	E	D	■	■	■
O	■	T	■	O	■	W	■	S	■	T	■	N	■	L
P	A	R	I	S	H	E	S	■	D	E	C	O	D	E
T	■	A	■	I	■	D	■	H	■	R	■	V	■	V
I	N	N	A	T	E	■	T	U	R	N	P	I	K	E
V	■	G	■	E	■	■	S	■	A	■	C	■	R	■
E	M	E	N	D	S	■	P	S	A	L	T	E	R	S

STUDENTSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Post-Graduate Studentships. Applications are invited from Graduates of the University of London for the following studentships, for full-time research or advanced study: In any subject: (a) Post-Graduate Studentships (£275 for one year); (b) William Lincoln Shelley Studentship £275 p.a. for one or two years); (c) Arthur Jubber Studentship (£250 for one year); (d) Post-Graduate Travelling Studentship (value according to need—for one year). For Literary Studies: (e) Frida Mond Studentship (£130* p.a. for two years). For Modern Languages: (f) George William Britt (Senior) Studentship (£100* for one year). *The Ministry of Education may supplement at their normal rates. Applicants for (a), (b), (c), (e) and (f) must be Graduates of not more than three years' standing; for (d) they must be under the age of 28. Forms and further particulars from Secretary to the Scholarships Committee, Senate House, W.C.1, to whom completed applications should be returned by March 1, 1953.

FELLOWSHIPS in Educational Psychology. Fellowships are offered for a three-term training in Educational and Clinical Psychology; they may carry maintenance grants. Applicants must be over 25 years, having an Honours Degree in Psychology or equivalent psychological qualifications, together with previous experience of responsible work with children. Training for, and experience in, teaching will be an advantage. Forms of application from the National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, W.1, to be returned by February 13, 1953.

COMPETITIONS & SCHOLARSHIPS

CONCOURS Marguerite Long-Jacques Thibaud. An international competition for high-grade violin and piano players will be held in Paris between June 10 and 22, 1953. Details and information from French Cultural Counsellor's Office, 22 Wilton Crescent, S.W.1.

KENT College, Canterbury. Free Tuition Places. A number of free tuition places (value £50 p.a.) will be awarded to boarders on the result of the entrance examination to be held on Feb. 19. The examination may be taken either at Kent College or at candidate's own school. Candidates must have spent two years in a state-aided primary school.

BEDALES School, Petersfield (co-educational). Entrance and Scholarship tests (maximum age of entry 14) will be held at the School, March 30-April 1. Scholarships are awarded for general or particular ability, including Art and Music. Full particulars from the Headmaster.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

TERESA Coghlan executes all typing by post. 16 Foskett Road, S.W.6. Evenings RENown 4919.

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THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

EXPD. German-English translator/abstractor sks. work. Write Mr. J. Edwards, 76, Cavendish Rd., Kersal, Salford, 8.

MISCELLANEOUS

BAN Gin Traps which torture. I can send you particulars of eleven other humane ways of killing rabbits. Refuse to buy rabbits with legs mangled by traps or swollen heads from snares. Also write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling how to kill domestic animals and poultry; and White List of furs humanely obtained. Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

ALL Nations Social Club are opening a new Club Centre at Binney St., Oxford St. (between Selfridges and Bond St. station). Sub. now only 5s. annually, plus 1s. attendance fee per evening, which covers all activities (lectures, conferences, dancing, table-tennis, etc.). Particulars: Secretary-General, All Nations Social Club, Ltd., 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3, Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

GOOD quality notepaper, printed with your address. 100, 6s. 9d.; 250, 12s. inc. post. Wren, 78 Dartmouth Park Hill, N.19.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc., 189 Shoreditch High St., London, E.1. Phones: Shoreditch 3889/6046.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Panrek (N), 28 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY. 3903.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

FREE Catalogue of books on Occultism, Mysticism, Yoga, Eastern Philosophy & All Allied Subjects. 1½d. stp. Aquarian Book Service, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

VIOLENCE and the Cinema. The British Film Institute is now taking orders for a 24-page illustrated booklet "Are They Safe At The Cinema?" by Janet Hills, "a considered answer to critics of the cinema." Ready early Feb. 1s. 3d. post from B.F.I. Publications, 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, includes "Typical Conversations" in five languages, Pages for Practice, "Translator's Commentary," Competitions and articles. 1s. monthly from newsagents, or 13s. yearly, including postage to any country, from The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

AS frank and sophisticated as Carrier's sexual tragedy "The Hunt" is Cossery's daring Egyptian love story "The Lazy Ones." Both 12s. post free. Have you read "Thomas Mann?" 'Hatfield's criticism is unexceptionable . . . makes a perfect introduction': "Spectator." 13s. post free. Peter Owen, 50 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7.

"THE Nation," America's Leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. "Commonsense and sincerity"—A. S. Neill. "Can be unreservedly recommended."—Daily Mail. By post 8s. from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS, second-hand, posted. Write for free lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

WE want books by Bernstein, Borkenau, Bukharin, Kautsky, Pokrovsky, Rosenberg, Trotsky, etc., and all good books always. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. Riv. 6807.

SCARCE & Out-of-print Books searched for; New Books supplied quickly; Catalogues issued. Wanted: Transition; Horizon—odds & runs; also similar Literary Journals; Libraries & Review copies purchased. Fisher & Sperr, Booksellers, 46 Highgate High St., London, N.6. MOU. 7244.

NIMRODS, The Book Hunters, will find that book you want. Send your list of wanted titles to Nimrods, 3, Litchfield Street, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

ENGLISH, French, German novels bought. Top prices for review copies. Pulteney's, 338 King's Rd., S.W.3. FLA. 1194.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Typewriter, three-bank Empire, good condition, £8; Almost new Oliver Portable (£21), sacrifice, £16; Caravan bargain, 1953 luxury 16ft tourer, £265; Complete Ski Equipment, fit man 5ft 7in.

WANTED: Encyclopædia Britannica/Chambers; Handbook Marxism; Marsaryk; "Spirit Russia"; Spanish Guitar; Linguaphone Portable Gramophone; Ski Equipment, man, height, 5ft 8in, boots 7½.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

From

2nd February

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MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, New Zealand. The Council of Victoria University College proposes shortly to appoint a Lecturer in Classics, and invites applications from suitably qualified persons. The salary will be £800 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £950 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. The successful applicant would be expected to take up his duties on April 1, 1953, or such earlier or later date as may be agreed upon by the Council. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in London and New Zealand is February 28, 1953.

GOVERNMENT of Bombay.—Applications invited from citizens of India or subjects of certain territories adjacent to India for post of Dean, Sir J. J. School of Art, Bombay. Candidates should (1) be Artist of recognised merit in any branch including architecture; (2) possess a thorough knowledge of Indian Art; (3) have good general education with sound knowledge of English; (4) have teaching experience for ten years and administrative experience for five years (which may be combined with teaching experience) in recognised or State School of Art. Some requirements may be waived in suitable cases. Age, not more than 45 on 1/5/53, relaxable. Pay, Rs.1000-1300 plus dearness allowance and rent-free quarters. Higher start admissible. For further particulars and application forms apply to High Commission of India, General Department, Aldwych, London, W.C.2. Last date for receipt of applics. Feb. 26, 1953.

UNIVERSITY of Durham, Services Education Committee. The Newcastle Division of the University of Durham invites applications for the post of Staff Tutor to undertake education in H.M. Forces and to be resident in Cyprus. Commencing salary £550-£650 according to qualifications and experience. Closing date for applications February 21, 1953. For other particulars and forms of application apply to: Director of Extra-Mural Studies, King's College, 5 Eldon Place, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1.

MOLUSI College, Ijebu Igbo, Nigeria, requires urgently single male science graduate as Vice-Principal on two-year contract. £480-20 yearly increment, plus £20 Vice Principal's allowance. Passage paid, free accommodation. Independent, non-sectarian Secondary boarding school, 300 boys. Tough life but interesting experience. Applications to Principal.

LONDON County Council. Headmaster, Highbury School, Highbury Grove, N.5. Applications invited for post of Headmaster, December roll 533 boys 11-18+; courses leading to G.C.E. (ordinary and advanced levels) and state scholarship examinations. Average unit total 1950-52 1,135; Burnham Group 12. Vacant September. Apply on form EO/TS10 Sec. (form EO/TS10B for candidates who have completed this form since June, 1951, and have nothing to add) obtainable from Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, London, S.E.1 (send stamped addressed foolscap envelope). Closing date Feb. 14, (87).

TUTOR (full-time) required for 2-year part-time Training Course for Club Leaders or Helpers to be held in Gloucestershire. Academic qualifications desirable. Youth Leadership experience (some in rural areas) essential. Salary £900 p.a. Applications to: Employment Officer, Nat. Assoc. of Girls' Clubs & Mixed Clubs, 30-32 Devonshire St., London, W.1.

HERTFORDSHIRE Education Committee. Hertfordshire & Essex High School, Bishop's Stortford. Applications invited for the post of House Mistress, vacant in May or September, to be responsible for the school boarding house, 30 girls. Part time teaching to qualify for superannuation, any subject. Burnham plus board valued at £150, possibly also responsibility allowance. Further particulars from the Head Mistress, to whom application should be made.

LONDON County Council. A second Psychiatric Social Worker required. Duties include provision of domiciliary care and after care of persons suffering from psychiatric illness. Salary, for holders of recognised Mental Health Certificate, £420 × £20 - £480 subject to review on publication of Whitley Council agreement. Further particulars and application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1), County Hall, S.E.1. Closing date, Feb. 10. (34)

CALDECOTT Community, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent. Wanted, a young House-mother (not under 25) for a small group of children aged 7-9 yrs. The post is a responsible one and the experience gained should be of value to those interested in the upbringing of disturbed and difficult children who have been deprived of normal home life. Salary £200 per annum resident, rising to £250. Usual school holidays. Apply in writing, with copies 3 testimonials, to Miss L. Rendel.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SOUTH Pacific Commission. Applications are invited for the following positions on the permanent staff of the South Pacific Commission, Noumea, New Caledonia. (1) Research Officer for Economic Development. Salary: £Stg. 900-£1,430 p.a., depending on age, qualifications and experience, plus allowances. Duties: To assist the Executive Officer for Economic Development with research and administration connected with the Commission's projects in the fields of plant introduction, tropical crops, pastures and livestock, land use, fisheries, forestry, and pest and disease control. Qualifications: Applicants must be University graduates in agricultural science, with honours, and should preferably be experienced in tropical agriculture and animal husbandry. Both research and administrative experience are essential. Fluency in English and French is very desirable. (2) Technical Assistant to Deputy Chairman, Research Council. Salary: £Stg. 900-£1,430 p.a., depending on age, qualifications and experience, plus allowances. Duties: To assist the Deputy Chairman of the Commission's Research Council with research and organisation connected with the Commission's work programme. Duties will include the carrying out of special research projects of the economic survey type and the collection and interpretation of statistical and other data about the South Pacific region. Qualifications: Applicants must have good academic qualifications in economics, and be experienced in economic research. Ability to assess economic and social data for the formulation of regional research projects is essential. Fluency in English and French is very desirable. Further information on conditions of employment may be obtained from The Under-Secretary of State, The Colonial Office, Church House, Great Smith Street, S.W.1. (Ref. HKP 53/08.) Applications with full particulars of qualifications and experience should be forwarded by airmail to the Secretary-General, South Pacific Commission, Noumea, New Caledonia, if possible before January 31, 1953.

DIVISIONAL Organiser for Division 4 West Wales Area Centre, Swansea. Must be able to lecture on a number of N.C.L.C. subjects. Salary £450, rising to £505. Superannuation scheme. Apply by February 16 to J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

PUBLIC Health Department, Birmingham. Social Worker. A vacancy exists for a Social Worker in the Psychiatric Social Service. This is a community and aftercare service for adults suffering from mental illness. Applicants should possess a diploma or degree in Social Science and previous experience in mental health work will be an advantage. Salary will be in accordance with A.P.T. Grade III (£525 × £15 - £570 per annum). Medical Examination, Superannuation Scheme, Sickness Scheme, etc. Applications, giving full name, age, qualifications and experience, and accompanied by copies of two testimonials should be submitted to The Medical Officer of Health, Public Health Department, Council House, Birmingham, 3, to arrive not later than February 14.

FAMILY Caseworker, woman. Social science qualifications and experience. Salary £450-£550. Special consideration for ability to train students or take additional responsibility. Application together with two testimonials to The Secretary of The Liverpool Personal Service Society, 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool 1.

CHILD Welfare Officer, with Social Science or equivalent qualification; current driving licence; own car advantage; trav. exps. and subsistence paid. Salary scale A.P.T. I/II £465, rising to £540 p.a., plus London weighting. Superannuation Scheme. Duties include selection and supervision of foster homes, and after-care of girls. Headquarters London. Applicants must apply in writing by February 7 stating age, religion, qualifications and experience, enclosing copies of testimonials and names of two referees to the Secretary, Foundling Hospital, 40 Brunswick Sq., W.C.1.

TRAINED and Experienced Family Case Worker (Woman) with Social Science qualifications wanted by newly established Northumberland Family Care Committee to organise intensive re-habilitation work with selected families. Commencing salary £500. For further particulars intending candidates should apply to the Secretary, Northumberland Family Care Committee, 17 Ellison Place, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1. Closing date for applications February 14, 1953.

APPEALS Organiser and General Secretary required for national youth welfare organisation (Anglo-Jewish). Good salary and prospects offered to capable and experienced man able to act on his own initiative under guidance and with the support of influential Committee. Essential qualifications include good organiser and administrator, good appearance, ability to minute meetings, general secretarial experience. Public speaking and knowledge of accountancy desirable but not essential. Applications with testimonials will be treated in strictest confidence. Box 6381.

GENIAL general factotum, Continental or English, to help with children (four years & four months) & house. Maid and daily help. Comfortable, happy household in pleasant surroundings. Mrs. E. Williams, Thorpe House, Thorpe, Egham, Surrey.

GOOD home, wages, outings, every consideration offered, modern house Manchester, 2 adults, 3 children, in return housework and loyalty. Box 6510.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COLDEAST & Tatchbury Mount Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the appointment of an additional Social Worker (male or female) for duties in connection with mental defectives at Tatchbury Mount Hospital, Totton, Southampton. Candidates should have experience of high grade mental defectives, and preference will be given to a person holding a Diploma in Social Science; but applications from persons not so qualified will be considered. Possession of, and ability to drive a car will be an advantage. The salary payable will be as follows: For a person holding a Diploma in Social Science £410 by £15 to £515 per annum. Without this qualification, £400 per annum. Written applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, to be received by the Physician Superintendent, Coldeast Hospital, Sarisbury Green, Southampton; or by the undersigned; not later than February 9, 1953. W. Montagu Worlock, Secretary of the Hospital Management Committee, Group No. 48, Tatchbury Mount Hospital, Totton, Southampton.

SHEFFIELD Council of Social Service. Wanted qualified and experienced Case Worker; ability to train students. Salary to be discussed, but not less than £500 per annum. Apply, giving two testimonials and one referee, to The General Secretary, 155 Norfolk Street, Sheffield, 1.

EDUCATED young woman wanted to work with slightly backward children. The applicant must be able to play a string instrument, preferably the violin, and to teach recorder and singing to small children. Active interest in Rudolf Steiner methods and enthusiasm for teaching small children essential. Resident post. Detd. applications: Principal, Salmon's Cross School, Reigate, Surrey.

UNITED Nations Association (London Regional Office) require shorthand-typist interested in international affairs. Applications to Regional Officer, 8 Upper Belgrave Street, S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

HOTEL manager seeks new post where energy, vigilance and loyalty are the key requirements. Life experience in all departments. Unimpeachable refs. Wife highly competent & far-seeing. Free by arrangement. Parties. willingly supplied on enq. Box 6459.

BARRISTER, graduate and lecturer in law; good platform speaker and advocate, lifelong member of the Labour Party, requires post as legal adviser to a Trades Union or to a Co-operative Society. Box 5924.

EDUCATED, fully expd. farm manager (working) seeks post prog. owner or school or institution. Capable training boys. Interested any suggestions. Wife willing work. Capable domestic or secretarial, good needlewoman. Excel. refs. Box 6333.

MUSIC Graduate with piano broadcasting experience seeks post visiting school near London. Box 6331.

MAN, late fifties, long organising, administrative experience, seeks part- or whole-time job. Moderate salary. Box 6521.

LL.B., 31, many years comm. exp., fluent German, French, seeks posn. Box 6421.

MARRIED couple with child (6 yrs.) req. domestic post. Now overseas. Box 6252.

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OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest, gives you comfort, good food and a friendly atmosphere. Club licence. The best air in Sussex and a little spoiling will work wonders if you have been ill. Phone Sharpthorne 17.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 136

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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ENTERTAINMENTS

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ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mn.), St. Sn., 5 & 8. "The Breadwinner." Mems.

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PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Feb. 1, 7.30, "Devotion" (A) (Italian).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sun., Feb. 1 to Wed., Feb. 4, 6.30, 8.30, Wed. Mat. 2.30 (Mems. only). Buster Keaton in "The General." Sat. Jan. 31. Open to public. Experimental and 3-dimensional films. "London Can Take it," "Berlin," etc. Doors 12.45. Details of membership from British Film Institute, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

LEWISHAM Film Soc. HIT. 1611. Ravensbourne Restnt., opp. Catford Tn. Hall, Sat., Jan. 31, 7.15. Battleship Potemkin.

PECKHAM Film Soc. Feb. 5: "Life of Emile Zola." Co-op Hall, Rye Lane. Dets.: 39 Sudbourne Rd., S.W.2. BRI. 1436.

HOLIDAY Film Show and Travel Forum, Chelsea Town Hall, Feb. 4, 7-11 p.m. Come and get new ideas for your 1953 holiday! Tickets 2s. 6d. from Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 9225.

DANCING in a jolly atmosphere, Sunday, 7.30-11 p.m., at The Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. For members & friends. 1st Class Band. Restaurant open.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Dance, Sat., Jan. 31, 7.30-11. Ted Macs Band (M.U.). Adm. 2s. 6d. members, 3s. 6d. friends. Light refreshments incl. Lic'd. bar for members only.

THE Younger Friends of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra present Buffet Dance, Kensington Palace Hotel. Sat., Feb. 7. 25s. Tickets & partics. from Hon. Sec., 37 Middleway, N.W.11.

GLENCOE Arts Club. Sailing Barge moored adj. Tower Pier. Sat. Jan. 31. Cabaret, dancing. Mems. 2s. Guests 2s. 6d. Bar open to mems. 5-11 p.m. HIL. 2592.

MOZART'S "Il Seraglio." Introduction by James Robertson, illus. members Sadler's Wells prodn. Feb. 1, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1, 8 p.m. Dets.: Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, 69 Kensington Ct., W.8. WES. 7513.

CONCERTS

BEETHOVEN & Bartok Quartets. Queen Mary Hall Music Club presents 6 Concerts on Weds. 1st Concert Feb. 4, 7.30. Acolian String Quartet. Quartets: Beethoven Op. 18 No. 3, Op. 135; Bartok No. 2. Seats 4s., 2s. 6d. Box Off. Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7512.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sat., Feb. 7 at 6 p.m. Handel's "Messiah" in its entirety with original accompaniments. London Choral Society. Kalmar Chamber Orch. John Tobin. 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

CONCERT of Polish Music: Alan Loveday & Leonard Cassini at the Wigmore Hall, Sun., Feb. 8, 3 p.m., will play works of Polish composers, known and unknown. Tickets 8s., 5s. & 3s. from Wigmore Hall (Lan. 2141) and usual agents. Also from Polish Cultural Institute (Lan. 1417). Special arrangements for block bookings.

LIES Askonas (in association with Wilfrid Van Wyck) presents Hans Hotter, Baritone (by arr. with Ingpen and Williams) with Gerald Moore, Pianoforte. Kingsway Hall, Tues., Feb. 3 at 7.30. "Aus dem Schwanengesang," Schubert. "Dichterliebe," Schumann. 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., Chappell's and Agents.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Monday, Feb. 9 at 8 p.m. Ingpen and Williams present Friedrich Gulda, celebrated Austrian Pianist, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Harry Blech. Overture, "Leonora No. 3," Beethoven. Piano Concerto No. 4, Beethoven. Symphony No. 2, Brahms. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d.

DOLMETSCH Concert. Cowdray Hall, Sat., Feb. 7, at 3. Purcell, Lawes, Weelkes, Taverner, &c. 7s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 3s. 6d., from Secretary, Wealdview, Haslemere, & Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1.

EXHIBITIONS

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Edward Wakeford. Watercolours by Frank Brown. Small Paintings by Nejad. Until February 6.

REDFERN Gallery. 20 Cork Street, W.1. Recent paintings by Adrian Ryan; Frederick Gore; and Paul Feiler. Watercolours by Hilde Stieler. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Norman Adams and James Hull.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. New illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

OPPOSING Forces. Paintings by Sam Francis, Georges Mathieu, Henri Michaux, Alfonso Osorio, Jackson Pollock, Jean-Paul Riopelle, Iaroslav Serpan. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Tuesday to Friday, 11-6. Saturday 11-5.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Opening Feb. 5. J. M. W. Turner, R.A. 1775-1851. 11-6. Sundays 2-6. Closed Mondays.

CHINESE Ceramics from Sir Alan Barlow's Collection, Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Jan. 31, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Yorkshire Landscapes by L. Colbourn. Terracotta Animals by P. Ascherson. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, London, W.1. Frederick Franck: First Exhibition in England.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth; British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun exc.) 10-5. Free.

MATISSE Sculpture and Studies for Paintings. Tate Gallery. Open till Feb. 22. Week-days 10-6; Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings by Hans Hartung. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled "The Social Bearing of Locke's Political Theory" will be given by Professor C. Brough Macpherson (Toronto) at 5 p.m. on February 3 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., W.C.2. Adm. free without ticket.

LONDON Labour Party New Year Lectures. Mr. W. J. P. Webber, Transport Salaried Staffs Assn., gives concluding lecture in the series "The Tasks Ahead" and deals specifically with Trade Unions, Friday, February 6, 7.30 p.m. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1. Tickets 1s. Apply London Labour Party, 258-262 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., Feb. 4 at 7.30 p.m. Peggy Crane on "Local Government" at St. Anne's House, 57, Dean Street, W.1. Visitors 2s.

THE Unknown Political Prisoner. All concerned with the conscript's welfare, and the defence of civil liberty are invited to a Conference for united opposition to the extension of conscription. 6.30 p.m. Mon. Feb. 2, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Details: No Conscription Council, Cresfield St., W.C.1.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Thurs., Feb. 5, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in English by Mark F. Severin, Etcher and Book Illustrator. Subject: "Contemporary Belgian Etching." Adm. free.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7 p.m. Tuesday, Feb. 3. R. S. W. Pollard, J.P., "Civil Liberties To-day." Admission free Collection. Junior Discussion Group. 7.15 p.m., Friday, Jan. 30. Miss I. Percival, "Superstitions."

"THE London of Charles Dickens." A lecture will be given by Percy Merriman for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Feb. 2, at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

BALCESCU; Rumanian Revolutionary of the "Hungry Forties." Lecture by Jack Greene, Sunday, Feb. 1, 20 Pont St., S.W.1, at 7.30. British Rumanian Friendship Assocn., 101 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6.

"THE Sunday Observance Bill"—Address by Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar, M.A., at Sunday Service, February 1, at 11.30 a.m. at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Road (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. February 7 at 6 p.m. Mr. J. Avery Joyce: "The World Calendar."

THEATRE in Poland. Play-reading, talk, exhibition, at the Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1. Friday, Jan. 30, 8 p.m. All welcome. Refreshments.

MILES Malleson: First Impressions of the Soviet Union. Thurs., Feb. 5, 8 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & Students 1s.).

CRICKLEWOOD. Anson Hall. Andrew Rothstein on "Jews & U.S.S.R." Qstns. Mon. Feb. 2, 8 p.m. 6d. Willesden B.S.F.S.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Feb. 1. J. Hutton Hynd, "Inside America Now." Questions after lect. Adm. free. Chamber Concert, 6.30 p.m. 1s.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Wed., Feb. 4, 6.30 p.m. Public lecture: "The Middle Way—the Ideal Norm." Mr. O'D. Walsh.

SOCIALIST Zionist Party (Mapam), 104 Nightingale Rd., E.5. "Jewish Socialists & E. Europe Trials." 8 p.m., Wed., Feb. 4.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Sun., Feb. 1, 8 p.m. Ernestine Costa in Works by Berthold Brecht. Mon., Feb. 2, 8.30, Lecture "Vision, Object and the Passage of Time" (illus.) by H. S. Williamson. Fri., Feb. 6, 8 p.m., Alan Bush Violin Concerto, Arnold Cook Viola Sonata, intro. by Noel Long.

GANDHIJI 5th Anniversary Meeting. Chair: Agatha Harrison. Speaker: V. K. Krishna Menon. Fri., Jan. 30, 7.30 p.m. in the Indian Students' Bureau Hall, 33 Exeter St. (off Strand), W.C.2. You are invited. Arranged by the India League, 47, Strand, W.C.2.

CHRISTIAN Action in the Africa Crisis. Public Meeting, Central Hall, Westminster, Monday, February 2 at 7.0. Buffet from 6.0. Speakers include Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P., Nontando Jabavu, Lady Pakenham, Rev. Michael Scott, Victor Gollancz, Chairman, Canon L. J. Collins. Tickets: 2s. 6d. res., 1s. unres., from Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, E.C.4 (CIT. 6869). Some free seats available at hall.

DENIS Lee Browne will speak on "The Adolescent & His Creed," Feb. 6, 8.15. All welc. No collection. 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. (nr. Leinster Terrace & Craven Rd.).

CANON C. F. Harman, Alf Taylor (Holborn delegate), etc., report on Vienna Peace Congress, Holborn Hall, 7.30. Thursday, Feb. 5. Chair: Tom Chapman (A.E.U.).

PEGASUS Theatre Society: 3 lectures on "Roots of the Modern Theatre" February 1, 7.30. George Devine on Gordon Craig. The Oak Room, Arts Theatre, W.C.2. Open to non-members. Membership enquiries, 71 The Avenue, N.W.6.

"RELIGION as a Civilising Force in History"—The Problem of the Modern World, on Thursday, February 5, 8 p.m. Kings Weigh House Church Hall, Duke Street (opposite Selfridges), Oxford Street, W.1. The Dean of St. Paul's in the chair, speakers: Rabbi I. I. Mattuck, A.M., D.H.L., and the Rev. James W. Parkes, M.A., D.Phil. Under the auspices of the London Society of Jews and Christians. All are welcome.

"ISRAEL'S Internal Politics." Monday, Feb. 2 at 6 p.m. at the Royal Society of Arts. Speaker: Mr. L. F. Rushbrook Williams, C.B.E. Chairman: Mr. S. S. Hammersley. Members free; others 2s. Tickets from The Secretary, Anglo-Israel Association, 13 Mansfield Street, W.1.

SUFFRAGETTE Fellowship. Votes for Women Day. February 6. Central Hall, Westminster, 7.30. Mary Adams, O.B.E., Head Television Talks, Hubert Phillips, Journalist and Broadcaster, Marian Reeves, Women's Freedom League. Admission free.

SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain. Public Meetings at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (Nr. Victoria Stn.). Alternate Sundays at 7 p.m. Feb. 1. "Conflict in Kenya": C. May. All welc. Qstns., Discn.

MISS M. MELLANBY, Woman Director, Prison Commission, will speak on the work of a Prison Commissioner on Mon., Feb. 2 at 7 p.m. at Alliance Hall, Palmer St., S.W.1, at Open Meeting of London & National Society for Women's Service.

EASTERN Methods of Mind Control. Lecture Course at Caxton Hall, S.W. Tuesdays at 6.30 p.m. during February and March beg. Feb. 3: "The Nature of Mind."

WESTERN Buddhist Order holds meetings and services for Buddhists and those interested in Buddhism at Friends House, Euston Road, at 6.30 p.m. each Friday.

POETRY at the Prince's Head, Storey's Gate (near Central Hall), S.W.1, every Sunday at 7.30. Collection. Feb. 8: D. H. Lawrence. Feb. 22: Wordsworth.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. Feb. 1: "Atlantis Renascent." Feb. 8: "Psychic Laws and Phenomena." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Road, Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Station, near Devonshire Terrace, Craven Road.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Psychology and Religion." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, Feb. 1 at 11 a.m.

A MEMBER of Shanti Sadan, "What is Meditation?" Younger Discussion Group (Hampstead, Ethical Soc.). Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, corner Hampstead Hill Gardens, Mon., Feb. 2, 8 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ASHRIDGE. Course 5. International Trade and Finance. Feb. 6-9. Introductory Address, L. H. Sutton, Esq.: Britain's Trade Balances, Ronald Brech, Esq.: Trade—Not Aid, Winthrop G. Brown, Esq.: Commonwealth Economic Development, Mrs. Graham Spry: A Policy for the Future, Roy Harrod, Esq. Inclusive Fee: £3 15s. Applications to Secretary, Ashridge, Berkhamsted, Herts. Tel.: Little Gaddesden 3191.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "The Education of Girls in France during the 17th and 18th centuries" will be given by Professor H. C. Barnard (Reading) at 5.30 p.m. on February 2, 3 and 5 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: Three lectures will be delivered by Professor P. Pascal (Paris) at 5 p.m. on February 3, 5 and 10 at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies (Masaryk Hall) University of London, W.C.1. Feb. 3: Les Frères Karamazov (to be delivered in French); Feb. 5: Un centre littéraire provincial au XIXe siècle, Nizni Novgorod (to be delivered in French); Feb. 10: V.Dal' (the lecture will be delivered in Russian). Admission free, without ticket.

W. AFRICAN Culture—2nd series given by W. African Arts Club with Racial Relations support. Feb. 2: "Tribal Art"—D. Brooks; Feb. 16: "Pattern of W. African History 1434-1830"—Dr. K. O. Dikè; Mar. 2: "The Mende of Sierra Leone"—Dr. K. Little; Mar. 16: "Language, Poetry & Folk-Lore"—A. Williams; Mar. 30: "Law & Justice"—Dr. T. O. Elias; April 20: "The Family System in W. Africa"—E. B. Ndem; at 32 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1. 7.30 p.m. Admission free. Collection.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Diploma in Social Science. The College offers, in October, 1953, a full-time course extending over two Sessions leading to the Diploma in Social Science. For graduates the length of the course may be reduced to one Session. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea.

THE University of Southampton. Certificate in Social Studies. Applications can now be received for the Certificate Course in Social Studies open to men and women. The new session begins on October 5, 1953. Two Exhibitions of the value of free tuition in the course for the Certificate in Social Studies are offered annually. Candidates for an exhibition must be over 23 years at the beginning of the session. Further particulars may be obtained from the Academic Registrar, The University, Southampton.

CENTRAL Training Council in Child Care. Child Care Services. Courses of training for boarding out work, adoption supervision, after care, etc. The training courses are held at Universities and are open to men and women between 21 and 45 (preferably over 23) who are qualified for social work, teaching or health visiting, or who are graduates with suitable experience. Training lasts one year and leads to the award of the Council's Certificate in Child Care; grants to cover fees and maintenance are available. Notice to intending applicants: Applications for the next training courses, starting in October, 1953, should reach the Secretary, Central Training Council in Child Care, Home Office (8.B), Horseferry House, Thorney Street, London, S.W.1, not later than March 1, 1953.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on p. 135

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